



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Discretion of speech is better than eloquence.

Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.—*Montaigne.*

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man.—*Dr Johnson.*

Great things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Strong thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind that nothing can draw out.—*Diderot.*

It is to live twice when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life.—*Martial.*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage-ground of truth.—*Bacon.*

The most completely lost of all days is the one on which we have not laughed.—*Chamfort.*

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable.—*Swift.*

There is no greater help toward well-doing than the knowledge that one is believed in.—*Karl Emil Franzos.*

A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly depend upon him.—*Lord Lyon.*

God designs that a charitable intercourse should be maintained among men, mutually pleasant and beneficial.—*Barrows.*

Riches without charity are nothing worth; they are blessings to him only who makes them a blessing to others.—*Fielding.*

Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.

A man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.—*Ludell.*

We are not so much to strain ourselves to make those virtues appear in us which really we have not, as to avoid those imperfections which may dishonor us.—*Dryden.*

The blessings of fortune are the lowest; the next are the bodily advantages of strength and health; but the superlative blessings, in fine, are those of the mind.—*L'Estrange.*

The following inscription is found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Estelle who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Some men give more light and knowledge by the bare stating of the question with perspicuity and justness, than others by talking of it in gross confusion for whole hours together.—*Dr. J. Watts.*

This is the highest miracle of genius; that things which are not should be as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another.—*Macaulay.*

(Written Especially for the GOLDEN GATE.)

## Onesimus Toole; OR, FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

A Psychological Romance by W. J. Colville.

### CHAPTER XIII.

HOW ARE THE DEAD RAISED, WITH WHAT BODIES DO THEY COME?

"Not so, not so, it cannot be  
This body which I cast aside,  
Can surely not victorious ride  
O'er death, and then return to me!"

"But tho' this form of gathered dust,  
Shall turn to grasses, trees and flowers,  
To decorate earth's garden bowers,  
In resurrection still I trust."

"The soul emancipate from clay  
Surmounts the wreck of mortal things,  
And on glad, tireless, golden wings  
Appears in garments bright as day."  
—*Ambrose Fulham Neuenos.*

After a delicious night's rest, our party were aroused at 10 A. M., by the sounding of a sweet, clear-toned electric bell ringing in each of the rooms; as the bell rang, a tray containing coffee, rolls, butter, cream and fruit, was brought into each of the chambers by a perfectly disciplined attendant, who opened the door and put it on a table just inside, and then departed. Everyone felt so perfectly at home in Professor de Montmartre's delightful residence, that when an hour later they assembled in the morning-room to discuss plans for the day, it seemed as though they had all been living there for weeks instead of just twelve hours and a trifle over. There were no inquiries after health, such as "Well, how did you rest; are you not tired after your journey?" etc.

The good Professor and his radiant daughter, who always felt and looked the very embodiment of the most perfect health themselves, never suggested the thought of illness to others.

"How bright you are all looking," Heloise did say, and she meant it; they had all enjoyed eight or nine hours perfectly unbroken slumber, undisturbed by any kind of dream, and when they awoke were all conscious of having slept and mentally traveled or rather rested, in some delightful, tranquil atmosphere into which no wave of discord entered. From eleven till one they all agreed, it was pleasant to drive in the shade of the trees of the *Bois de Boulogne*; at half past one they would partake of luncheon, or *dejeuner a la fourchette*, as it is termed in Paris; then during the afternoon they would meet for mutual converse on the theories in which they were most deeply interested: dinner would be at half past six, and half past eight would see them at the theatre; thus they most agreeably planned out their first day in the gay French metropolis, which to Miss O'Shannoning and Mr. Toole was an undiscovered country, they never having left America previously.

The drive was delightful; they rode in a commodious drag capable of easily accommodating twelve persons, and as there were four strong horses to draw the vehicle, no one was tortured with the feeling that cruelty to animals was practiced to give pleasure to man. The *Bois* was looking its loveliest; rain had fallen a few days before refreshing the earth and removing the dust from the trees now thickly covered with their deep, dark foliage; the birds sang jubilantly in the fresh, clear air, for though the sun was high, a breeze was blowing, bearing with it the far-off odor of the ocean, and the sweet, soft scents of the lovely country which divides Paris from the sea.

Nowhere in all the world is nature fairer or kinder than in *la belle France*; the torrid heat of the far south of Europe is unknown equally with the dense fogs of the Channel Islands and the rigors of the Baltic coast. Paris is moreover a sweet, clean, bright, smiling city, freer perhaps from disagreeable features than any other of the great capitals of the world, and to say that it is a wicked city is no truer than to say that vice lurks wherever masses of human beings congregate ignorant of the divine law of harmony in accordance with

which all might live in peace, virtue and prosperity.

Professor de Montmartre was a whole-souled optimist, not one of those gushing sentimentalists who smile at everything and justify everything, but a grand, noble man of philosophic temper, who beyond and within all finite encrustations and appearances, could discern the living soul of humanity revealed in lineaments divine to the quick eye of spirits if not to the dull sight of sense. As they drove through the lovely sylvan paths on that delightful August day, the thoughts of all the party seemed fully attuned to the harmonies of nature everywhere displayed around them; a feeling of conscious oneness with nature took possession of them, causing them to feel that they and all nature understood each other and were at peace.

On their return home they found a delicate repast awaiting them, but neither fish, flesh, fowl, wine or tobacco ever entered "The Palms." Professor de Montmartre was a vegetarian, and he never mentioned to any one who visited him that they might possibly require anything contrary to the rule of his household. A member of the French Academy, a man thoroughly conversant with all the natural sciences, anthropology in particular, he invited friends to live and thrive in those conditions most conducive to health and happiness in which he and his daughter luxuriated, and in which many poor sufferers found or recovered health, peace and joy to which they had long been strangers, or which in many instances, they had never previously known. Vegetarian cooking suggests to many minds, ordinary, bad living, with meat left out; to the intelligent expert in the science of gastronomy, it means a mode of living compared with which the ordinary diet of unnaturalism appears repulsive and absurd as well as inhuman.

As it is not our present intention to compile a work on hygienic cooking, we shall not give recipes for all the delicious dishes on Professor de Montmartre's table, but we will name among them mushroom, artichoke and sea-kale patties, which are easily made, and when served with melted butter are very substantial and satisfying; bread made from entire wheat flour, omelettes of various kinds, to say nothing of the profuse abundance of the choicest fruits, and delicate beverages made from the freshest and ripest of fruits that very day, made the meal one with which the most fastidious epicure could not have been discontented; the fresh fruit beverages used instead of wine always (when steadily partaken of for a very short time) permanently overcome all taste for spirituous liquors and other intoxicating drinks. During the meal which was partaken of very leisurely, the conversation turned to the remarkable appearance of Azoriel the evening before, the extraordinary nature of which provoked the most earnest inquiry, particularly from Mr. Toole, who had been disgusted with some very coarse materializing he had witnessed in Boston a few years previously. Said that gentleman:

"I never could be made to believe that a solid form that made the floor creak audibly when it walked, which issued from a suspicious looking cabinet and touched me with a fat, damp, intensely carnal hand, was a being from the unseen world temporarily shrouded in a veil of flesh manufactured through a gathering of a miscellaneous company of very dubious persons, whose conduct with these forms, was to me revolting in the extreme, and then the money-making, circus managing atmosphere of the whole affair repelled me even more than the particularly uninviting nature of the phenomena presented. I went home from two of those seances with my mind fully made up that Spiritualism was nothing but a mixture of disgusting necromancy, and the most audacious imposture; and on the strength of such experiences, I warned my congregation against the whole subject. Since I have been with Dr. Maxwell and Mrs. Finchley, I have learned that there is much in Spiritualism which commands respectful attention, but I have seen nothing of such wonders as I saw here last night, except on one occasion when I was so startled, so completely overcome I did not know whether I was in my senses, or had taken leave of them. Now what I want to learn, my dear Professor, is what are your views on materialization, and how do the radiant appearances of your angel guardian differ from those solid

forms we witness at seances with American mediums, if the latter may be at any time accounted genuine?"

"My dear friend," returned Professor de Montmartre, "this subject might require ages for its complete elucidation; I have been studying it diligently myself for the past thirty years, but even now I feel but an infant in regard to it; I have, however, arrived at certain conclusions all borne out by personal experience which I shall be most happy to lay before you."

"I never speak of those things save to those who show themselves earnest in their inquiry into the hidden mysteries of nature; to all such I feel it a privilege and delight to offer all such knowledge as I have accumulated; but let us adjourn to the library, in its cozy, tranquil atmosphere where I am accustomed to consider all deep subjects, I feel the better able to clearly express my views, and by the way, it is a pet hobby of mine to connect certain ideas with certain apartments. Of course I could not do this were Heloise and myself confined to two or three chambers, but as we have a very large house and every opportunity is offered, I give myself the pleasure of indulging this taste, and I really find it a useful one as no end of people come here suffering from various disorders, who are made whole while sitting in my office. I have two offices, an inner and an outer; into the outer I admit all applicants whom I receive at all; into the inner I only take those persons whom I feel are ready for something subtler than a little good advice and a simple atmospheric electric treatment."

"Are you then a practicing physician?" pursued Mr. Toole, who was all eagerness to learn something of the life of this remarkable man without being inquisitive.

"I practice where I know I can be of service, under no other circumstances do I ever exercise the healing gift; as to pecuniary recompense, I need none, my estates are large, my income more than sufficient for all the uses to which I need to put money. I however counsel the wealthy, who receive a blessing, to consecrate a portion of their worldly means to the assistance of the needy, and above all, after receiving light, to let it shine for the illumination of those in darkness."

Heloise rose after this last answer and led the way to the spacious library, where Prof. de Montmartre conducted his scientific experiments and did a vast amount of literary work, including much correspondence of the highest importance with influential persons in all parts of the world. The apartment was as large as a good-sized chapel, the walls were covered with book shelves all round the room from floor to ceiling, except where the windows, of which there were seven, all of Gothic design and filled with colored glass, occupied the space. The books were classified as in some great public library; a light iron gallery ran around the room facilitating greatly the approach to the upper shelves. On the catalogue 37,373 books were designated, ranging over every conceivable subject; many of these were curious, but none were valueless, as they had all been carefully selected and arranged in their respective departments with a view to simplifying, as far as possible, all the scientific and literary labors of the privileged students who from time to time were permitted to enter this sacred enclosure dedicated to all knowledge helpful to mankind. Several old manuscript volumes were so rare that their only duplicates could be found in the British Museum, while others more priceless still had no known duplicates on earth.

Always of a studious turn, Mr. Toole was enraptured with this massive and marvelous collection of the greatest thoughts of the world's greatest thinkers, so much so that it jarred upon him to hear Heloise remark that she cared very little for the best of books, as they became unnecessary when one could outgrow the need for reading and launch out upon the ocean of ungathered and unlimited information.

"My daughter is a seeress of the old Chaldean type," smiled the professor, "she can procure for me in one of her astral pilgrimages more knowledge than I can receive in years by dint of hardest study. Azoriel is her preceptor and I am her pupil."

"Oh! don't say that my darling father, I am your child and from you I have learned more than I ever put in practice; but let us not discuss these questions now, I will take my old place at your knee on my favorite footstool, while you tell Mr.

Toole all you deem wise to tell him about the astral body and its appearances."

As she sat herself down at her father's feet, her eyes beaming with affection, she looked like a simple, artless child, very pure and lovely, but in no way removed from the ordinary type of girlhood, except by reason of her almost supernatural beauty. Seeing her thus, Lydia O'Shannoning, who was of a most affectionate nature, and had often enjoyed the society of an intimate friend whom she called a chum, sat down on another stool next to Heloise and felt perfectly contented in her position till she ventured to lean her head against the girl's shoulder, when suddenly she started to her feet as though struck by lightning. Heloise laughed good naturedly, and said in her sweetest voice:

"Had I thought you were going to apply for such a severe shock, I would have warned you, but I'm never terrible unless some one purposes evil, so you may feel quite easy, you are stronger for the thrill that went through you; they call me living lightning, you are not yet prepared to come in contact with my body without feeling the current almost too forcibly. I allowed a very sweet girl to sleep with me one night because she wished to, and while I was asleep she was deposited on the floor six times in succession; at last she went into an adjoining room and felt no more electrical disturbance. I account for this only on the score of my being so highly charged with electric force that I convey it to any one who approaches me quite without intention, but I confess when I wish to make persons feel it I can do so readily. But my dearest Lydia, you must not let this incident estrange us or cause you to be afraid of me; I am, I assure you, quite harmless where you are concerned, and I am not satisfied with being harmless in your case, I am resolved to be your friend in deeds as well as in words, before long you will learn how we can be of use to each other."

The gentle Lydia, gazing with almost awe struck eyes on the beautiful, queenly figure so graciously smiling upon her and reassuring her in such kindly accents, felt that Heloise indeed might be an aid to her all through her life, but she could not foresee how, under any circumstances, she could be of assistance to her vigorous, talented, and strangely influential friend; but so turn the tides of human events not seldom, that those who deem themselves the weakest often find how necessary they are to others, who to all appearance, are the least dependent of mortals.

But we are delaying the conversation between Prof. de Montmartre and Mr. Toole, to which we have invited our readers to listen. Fixing his eyes steadily on the younger man, the elder with much gravity, but not the slightest shade of arrogance or masterfulness, spoke as follows:

"I can say much to you which I should not wish to say to ninety-nine at least of every one hundred persons who question me on these subjects. The double bane of Spiritualism has ever been that it has by its very attractiveness and other worldliness, invited the lovers of sensation who are neither religious nor scientific, but flippant and unreliable in the extreme, and many adventurers who have sought to bend it to their own unworthy ends. Between the sensationalist, the hystericist, and the trickster, much havoc has been made, and you, I should judge, have seen far too much of the darker and not enough of the brighter side of the subject to enable you as yet to clearly discriminate between the chaff and the wheat; materialization seems to be perplexing you. Now, on that subject I can only refuse to affirm that all that passes current for genuine phenomena is genuine, and I equally refuse to admit that it is all fraudulent. Possibly some persons are helped in an indirect manner by such ocular demonstrations, I do not however deem it advisable to court such manifestations, almost invariably they take place under suspicious circumstances; the atmosphere of the place where they occur is often highly impure, and as to the people who gather constantly to witness them, their minds are not usually in a satisfactory condition. That intelligence, apart from all physical organism, can gather together atmospheric emanations and condense them into the similitude of flesh and bone, I do not deny, but Azoriel has urged us a far different philosophy, and has taught us to look not to the carnalization of spirit

Continued on Eighth Page.



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Eternal Punishment (Continued).

BY JOHN HENNING.

It seems that my method of putting the above doctrine in my article in your paper a fortnight ago, has made an impression on two intelligent minds which is likely to develop into an entire abandonment of Orthodoxy. They have a bright boy of eight years old. The thing for them to determine, in order to forecast his future if he were suddenly hurried out of life was, "Has he passed from the unconsciousness of infancy and childhood to the dignity of a responsible being? Is he a moral agent? Has conscience asserted itself?" They were obliged to give to these questions an affirmative answer. Then, as he has never professed saving faith in Christ, if he were suddenly arrested by the hand of death he is doomed to an everlasting hell. This is according to the tenets of the church in which they were brought up, and in which they have brought him up. This is a view of the case which would probably surprise a great many if they only thought of it; it is very revolting. The very idea of it, if realized in any degree, is sufficient to strike a horror akin to madness into the mind of the parent of a child. And yet, as I said before, it is one essential form of the theory of eternal punishment.

I confront the bishops of Roman Catholicism and the priests of orthodox Protestantism with this horrible position. There were moral agents of all ages, from eight or ten to seventy or eighty, lost in that fearful flood a few days ago in Pennsylvania—no warning; but I want to fasten attention upon the youthful ones; there were boys and girls whose probation had been very brief; they had inherited a natural prone to evil; they had been placed amidst temptations exactly adapted to that nature; they had failed; a cruel flood of waters came down upon them and carried them away—they have failed forever; chances gone; they are doomed to eternal torment! Some of those children had had homes on earth that were no better than little hells. I have seen such homes. Wickedness, flashing eyes, clenched hands, furious words! I have seen children run and hide themselves when their father has entered the dwelling. But what was that to the lot of those children now? Talk of furious words! Listen, and look at the trembling culprit at the bar of God: "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Depart, depart from me, ye cursed, depart from me ye cursed into fire, depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. Some of them had had happy homes, lived in an atmosphere of parental love. No matter. They are unsaved, and they must go and spend eternity with the devil and his angels.

I think I hear some orthodox Christian say, "That is putting the case too strongly, I cannot and do not believe in such a destiny as that for such." I reply that if a man believes in eternal punishment at all, he is obliged to believe in such a destiny for such. There is no escape from it. The line is drawn with moral responsibility; if not, where is it drawn? And the declaration is decisive, a declaration which has struck terror into the hearts of millions of every generation during the last eighteen centuries. "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

Of course if a preacher believes in the doctrine of the eternity of hell's torments, he ought to proclaim it, and to proclaim it with tremendous vehemence and earnestness. If it be a doctrine of the Christian religion (as unquestionably it is) it is a chief one. If it has a place in a creed at all, it has an immense place. I have known ministers who professed to believe it, but who thought it undesirable, in the present posture of the human mind and condition of public taste, to publish it. And so they are more jealous of the character of the gospel than the gospel is of its own; more sensitive about the rectitude and benevolence of God than God is of his own! Either that ludicrous position or a very unworthy one.

They can stand up before masses of their fellow immortals and prevaricate with the brightest hopes or most terrible fears that ever illumined or darkened a human bosom. He knows that his fellow creatures are walking on the edge of a bottomless pit, but he thinks it unwise to tell them so. He is cowardly; he is cruel; he is false. Our attack is not upon the men who preach it, if they are sincere (though we confess we have known the words "eternity" and "eternal punishment" pass very easily from some lips), but our attack is upon the doctrine itself. It is against instinct, nature, reason, and therefore it is untrue.

I will now close my remarks upon this fearful doctrine of eternal punishment with a brief review, with your permission, Mr. Editor, of the history of this most insulting and stupendous falsehood that was ever proclaimed in the ear of men, together with the history of some modifications of it (if I may so call them) which the Roman Catholic Church introduced into its creed at an early period of the Christian era. I speak of it as the most insulting and stupendous falsehood which was ever proclaimed in the ear of men; but I am not sure whether the alleged act of Adam in

the garden of Eden, which kindled the quenchless flames of hell for millions of his descendants, does not equal it. In other words, the doctrines of the "Talk of Man" and the "Eternity of Hell's Torments," as the consequence, are fair rivals for supremacy as insults to human sense and intellect. But I am dealing with the latter. A prominent teacher in San Francisco stated in my hearing, a few weeks ago, that Christ never dreamt of proclaiming such a hideous doctrine as that of eternal punishment; that unscrupulous and designing priests who lived after him conceived the grand idea somehow, and attributed it to Christ, and began to interpret his sayings accordingly, to serve their own purposes of influence over men. I deny the correctness of that teaching. I say that the doctrines of Christianity, from the beginning of the Christian era, have included that of eternal torment as the just punishment of sinners. I say that Christ himself believed it, and taught it in language the strongest that he could command. And if there were no other proof that he was only a man, a fallible man (I bow to no man in admiration of the nobility of his character, and of the transcendence and excellence of much of his teaching) this to me is sufficient. I care not what credentials a man has, if he comes to me with a doctrine that directly conflicts with what is best in human nature; that opposes human consciousness, human instinct, human reason; that proclaims the great Judge of human kind to be simply vindictive (for what can unending torment for its own sake be but that), I reject him on that score at least. I will take him for what he is worth, and for no more, certainly not for a complete representative of infinite goodness.

But to proceed, the early Christians had an unflinching belief that heaven or hell would be the portion of every human being after leaving this world. And they believed too that the grand drama of the last judgment was near at hand. Paul did. He wrote: "Brethren, the time is short," and he undoubtedly expected that during his lifetime Christ would come again; not as an infant in a manger, but as a king upon a throne, to reward his saints and pronounce the final doom of the wicked. But this belief of the primitive Christians, in the nearness of the appalling scenes of the last judgment, gradually faded away as it appeared to be indefinitely postponed. And now I come to an explanation of the doctrine of purgatory. It had never been dreamt of in the early church. But the keys of heaven and hell were placed in the hands of the representatives of St. Peter, and they revived a doctrine which had existed long before the Christian era—that of expiable punishment in the next world. But they altered its form, and made it serve their purpose. It became purgatory, the sufferings of which they could lengthen, shorten, or absolve from all together on certain conditions. Men were terribly afraid of hell of course, and priestly craft knew how to use that fear for gain, and sometimes for purposes more ignoble than selfish gain. Here was the infancy of a scheme for securing influence and income, which stands to-day in such gigantic proportions before our eyes. The priesthood could deliver men from the terror of hell, and what therefore could prevent the increase of its power? How great that power became, and how it was used in Europe by sending millions to die on the coast of Asia, those mighty tumults of Christendom known as the Crusades afford astounding evidence. The gates of heaven, hell, and purgatory opened at the bidding of the Holy Father, and of course men must purchase his favor and do his will. The most stupendous example in history of the power which may be wielded over the ignorant millions of mankind, by working on their superstitious dread of suffering after death, is surely seen when Pope Urban II offered complete absolution to every soldier of the cross who did exactly as he commanded.

The Lutheran Reformation brought the Protestant Churches back to the original belief. Luther destroyed the intervening agencies, and brought men face to face again with the alternatives of eternal happiness or eternal misery. And Protestantism has used that alternative, used hell and the devil, with effect enough on certain minds, but with tremendous injury to the cause of religion itself, and the injury increases as intelligence advances. But how to lay down the weapon, so long in use, is the question. It will have to be laid down. The world will not tolerate it much longer. It will soon be hung up as a curiosity of the past.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels.—Pope.

An extravagant man who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved than a person of much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.—Addison.

It seems to me a great truth, that human things can not stand on selfishness, mechanical utilities, economic and law courts; that if there be not a religious element in the relations of men, such relations are miserable and doomed to ruin.—Carlyle.

Truth is a stronghold, fortified by God and nature, and diligence is properly the understanding's laying siege to it; so that it must be perpetually observing all the avenues and passes to it and accordingly making its approaches.—South,

## A Little Home Talk.

DEAR READERS OF THE GOLDEN GATE—

Greeting.—Let us as brothers and sisters in the golden Spiritual Philosophy, irrespective of all prejudice of theory, clique or speculative opinions, commune awhile together. Let us draw near the great loving heart of our All Father, and drink harmoniously of that universal stream, imparting blessings untold to every soul who partakes. And, inasmuch as the soul blending is to be consummated through the channel of the GOLDEN GATE, it might not only be appropriate but profitable to speak of that paper, sincerely extolling its worth, and congratulating each other upon its truly progressive qualities. Now don't immediately jump at the conclusion that Brother Owen is going to remunerate me handsomely, and especially for "this manner of speaking," for on the contrary it would not surprise me if, on beholding these honest compliments (privately expressed to you, dear readers) his innate modesty should prompt him to dash them into his already well-filled waste basket. But, inasmuch as I am working for mutual benefit, your benefit and mine, dear friends, I am going to "chance it," with one soul absorbing purpose in my heart of hearts, and that is, to unite still closer if possible the sympathies and desires of the projector, subscribers, and contributors to this interesting and continually brightening instrument of spiritual good to humanity.

Many speak of experiencing a pleasant, magnetic sensation or shock emanating from it as they come in contact with it. For myself, I can truly say that its weekly appearance returns my heart-felt greetings, not as a passive, luke warm friend, but with a warm, animated, and loving response. And why not? We do not expect it to bring unkind criticism, nor harsh admonition, fault finding, nor complaint, neither of the treatment of subscribers nor of selfish ones who do not subscribe, but ought to; nor of contributors who do not do this, or are guilty of that; it neither laments nor threatens, but it always comes laden with the choicest of viands, suited to the varied appetites of its hungering, thirsting family; a true messenger of good.

Surely to a conscientious, zealous editor, the work of pleasing the masses must be perplexing and often irksome; but in this respect we are most fortunate, for Brother Owen and his efficient aid are healthy, physically and mentally, strong, sympathetic, willing workers, putting into their paper their best thoughts and efforts. God bless them! So much for the projectors. As to the many contributors to this valuable paper,—however unassuming and limited the part I perform among them, the thoughts I present therein are always emanations from an honest, earnest, and loving spirit, the outgrowing of true desire for the progressive happiness of my human brothers and sisters. My heart throbs, my being thrills, and my eyes do often overflow under the fervor of fraternal emotion, welling up within me "like a fountain," and it seems impossible that with similarly sympathetic natures, ranging higher and still higher in spiritual and intellectual unfoldment, rounding out the measure of this paper's heaven born mission, it should not wear the stamp of fervor and power.

Now last but not least, comes a bright array of appreciative, sympathetic, and I feel confident prompt paying subscribers, whose yearly subscription dollars make cheeriest music as they drop into the capacious pockets of the grateful editor, to brighten many a monotonous, weary day. Have we not pictured a pleasant and inspiring scene? One whose influence reaches beyond the toils of Time, unto the fruitful spheres of the eternal city. This good paper had its birth simultaneously with my first glimpse of immortality, as beheld through the unvarying lens of spiritual phenomena, which fact, perhaps, lends an added ray to my strong interest in its new and complete success as a spiritual instrument of highest power, and unexcelled earnestness of purpose. I really cannot see how its loss could be well sustained, nor easily supplied. Now have we not revealed the existence of a golden band of fellowship, encircling three distinct classes, producing, sustaining and perpetuating this Pacific coast messenger of spiritual truths? O, may it strengthen and brighten so long as humanity needs it! Love—pure, unadulterated love, should flow freely along this magnetic chain, uniting mortals and immortals in one of the grandest works for humanity—love, unselfish and unfading—the great factor of all reform and of all progression here, and the prevailing element of the hereafter, and yet, when we say much of this heavenly virtue, how eager are one's enemies to say "free love and free lovers."

Poor, ignorant spirits, as yet as unacquainted with the true beauty, excellence and significance of "free love," as they are of many other glowing, important truths! I am proud and glad to be an advocate of that love that flows "without money and without price," clear as crystal, that should fill every heart, beautify every life, dry every tear, heal every wound, uplift every fallen soul and point the upward way to true happiness and immortal joys! Let them harmlessly blaze away. "Thrice armed is he who hath his battle just," and let us, as free, loving Spiritualists, set such an example before the world of unity, harmony and fraternity, that shall cause a universal illumination for the future guidance of the race. And now, dear band, if the one object of this letter will in due time bear fruit, viz., that we, as mutual aids and participants of the GOLDEN GATE, renew our progressive relations on broader, firmer, and more sympathetic emotions of good will, one towards another, that its spiritual power may be increased many fold, I shall not have written in vain. With such a link binding our interests, with such a fervor of desire ascending to the source of All Good and All Truth, who knows what yet undreamed of results may accrue from the future glorious work now being performed by the GOLDEN GATE? ELLA L. MERRIAM.

LOS ANGELES, June 5, 1889.

## RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the monitions of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rapping, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.—Emma Hardinge-Britten.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW  
SPIRITUALIST : COLONY

---OF---

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Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which forms a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing ground exists as can be found on this Coast. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque back-ground. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

Orders for lots in Summerland may be made through the office of the GOLDEN GATE, or of H. L. WILLIAMS, Santa Barbara. Price, \$30. Orders for lots will be received and entered, and the lots selected and located by the editor of this journal, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves.

The size of single lots is 25x60 feet, or 25x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. By uniting four lots—price \$120—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc.



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## "Israel's Line."

BY JANE MURPHY MITCHELL.

There are many gates to the New Jerusalem, or in other words, channels of growth and instruction. To-day, we see all opened and discussed—Brahminism, Buddhism, Theosophy, Science, and many minor growths. Some Blavatsky helps open the doors to an investigation—some fraudulent medium or some scientific wrangle. But where is religion? The meaning of the word we will suppose to be, the stem upon which all things hang, or the inner sense of justice and generosity to ourselves and all else in existence, even to the minor matters of life, as it daily occurs to all to meet, and the animal life to which we are all allied in our very existence. The essence of life, where is it best to be found? To me, the lines of light come down to us through the darkness or semi-transparency of all time; the clearer as to our motives of action, which the soul acts through in Israel's line. The branches ramified, and perchance discolored, in every religious sect, every kind of church discipline, from the Jewish Decalogue to the Church of Rome; the reformers, the dissenters, the Puritans, and through them all the branches, viz: Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist and the many other seeds with coverings of a different name.

The bibles are many, or codes of belief, and teachings given in these channels from times far back, all made according to the grade of mind which at the time was uppermost in its growth. What is called the Christian Bible, modified by all sects to suit the kind of thought-seed the various species or germs of mind have selected as their best food, has in its sifted and comprehended light-lines, or soul-seed, meaning your motives, the most extensive gathering of food for the many; in other words, the largest granary, and seed of the finer quality. To-day, we meet with all ancient mythologies, with all travelers in these various channels of thought, and the masked are unmasked, and we may see and unite forces of all the sifted gatherings of the ages; but only on one trunk of this great tree of life can they unite. Stripped of all dross and falsity, naked and childlike, willing our motives of action should be known by all men and angels, yet still carrying the jewels of thought and experience we have gathered in our various paths of growth, as our share of the temple's material to be built from and adorned with; admiring all as well as our own, we become as little children; thus we enter the kingdom of harmony together, called the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Often when the rubbish gathers in these various streams of life, as when the Romish Church becomes corrupt, or the Inquisition breaks forth, we find some one or a few break through the stoppage as did a Luther, or a Calvin, or a Melancthon, or Wesley, or the Puritans, and in later days, a Thomas Paine, or a Theodore Parker.

Thus, what we have defined as religion, has kept pace with the outer growth of freedom's cause, as in our country, a foothold from England's thralldom and a bursting of slavery's chains. The next great victory and opening, the channel of life's stream now seriously clogged, is for woman—the mother of the race.

The outcome of all faiths brings our own individual harmony with that of the Divine Order, and those who reach that first and are to-day living it, are the few whom we find have come up through Israel's line of light; or if you choose to say, through obedience to the teachings in their inner sense, to the Christian's Bible or record of light, from the old Pharaoh's persecutions to the Jews' clogged place, when the teachings of the Christ in the manger opened a way and brought us to where, in the present clogged conditions, a sifted people from all the best of all these channels, may assist in opening the stream again, and in a new, broader flow, without the wherewith to obstruct, may bless this chosen land first, and the earth finally.

"No millennium," I hear it said; what greater one than this, and a sure one? When I hear it said there is no God, or no Christ, I think you do not understand the real meaning; when you examine a beautifully arranged duck's wing, or peacock's feathers or tail, or a feather in construction, or a leaf or flower, all the various shadings perfectly fitted together, and coloring so perfectly woven in time and place, you will sometimes exclaim, Where is this intelligence? If you attribute it to Nature's divine order, have you reached that order where each little daily happening or duty, or regular occurrence becomes an intelligence, a something you cannot understand because of the intelligence? Let me give one simple illustration among many I see daily, remembering as little children in a kindergarten, we are to learn.

I sent for five cents worth of yeast, charged the man to get no more, as it would sour and be of no use. He brought ten cents worth—a double quantity. Well, I said to myself, it may have a meaning as all little mistakes; I find I have one. Within an hour's time my cook was called to go away unexpectedly; then he wanted to make another batch of bread before he left and had the yeast for it. Who knew of all concerned, of the need of that mistake? You say this was an accident or a coincidence. Not so with me; as each

minute thing is under an intelligence as really and correctly and intelligently as the order of the colors in a bird's feathers, and the shaping of all events in the divine order show intelligence. Study in Nature's Kindergarten school, and you'll soon see an intelligence which it too profound for explanation; a real, bona fide intelligence, and also you'll find the simpler instructions in life's pathway are in Israel's line. "A little child shall lead them."

A Theosophist tells you this intelligence is a "higher selfhood." What is that but the great congress of mind with a soul in it that notices even the sparrow's fall and of which you are a part—"a Godhead"? It cannot be better expressed. Forget not the first round of this ladder in trying to reach the higher rounds; despise not the small things, the greater will then take care of themselves; but unless the small things are first learned and fitted they are not to enter the list of building material in the great temple; the architect will not accept a great stone with a flaw in it.

Israel's line has been the more attractive way, we might call it the way of sweet pain. The larger number of people have walked in that way whose central life predominated in the individual, or religion so-called. See this America—this chosen land—in which the various churches have led the minds of the more solid foundation; New England's children and severity of instruction becoming our basic element of worth as a nation; our Puritan fathers and mothers laying this foundation! Again, see in that line the more artistic picturing and colorings! All the way from the twelve sons of Israel, with their various characters given at Jacob's demise, the twelve gates or ways of entrance to the New Jerusalem, the twelve stones or foundations, and all the way along to the manger, the cross, the sepulchre, and the mother, the woman, with their pictures and their vivid meanings seen to-day; the vicarious atonement, in its beauty and sweet pain, meaning the sacrifices we are to make to bring harmony to all as one, the one! See the persecutions and sufferings all the way for opinions' sake, the obedience, the faith!

Do we see it in any other line of growth? We do see others make their crosses by self abnegations and long continued practices to bring out results, as in Theosophy's line, and among the Indians' medicine men, jugglers, and the seekers after the hidden elements of life; but in Israel's line of obedience to their faith, from the persecutions of the Israelites by Pharaoh to the finer ones of later centuries and the present age, where man is ignored for his faith, and woman is persecuted in her home by her husband for her intuition, pronouncing himself the "practical one" and she "the crank," all this kind of experience is one with the story of the cross. The outcome of all obedience to faith, even the blind obedience of the soul is what but a preparation for a higher obedience when the great architect calls for building material in the temple of the new order of things, a moulding of the clay through suffering by the hands of the potter and best done through Israel's line.

"Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter." Commence at the foot, pick the shreds and motes off in little things now overlooked entirely in your haste for knowledge. You will starve if you sit at a table full of food and make no use of it; but not try to eat too much, if you do the use is lost.

TURLOCK, Cal.

## From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Written for the Golden Gate for publication by Spirit Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe of the Order of Light.

Children of the Order: Again Saidie gladly comes to send to each one a message of cheer. Saidie's heart is light, for many are blessed with the messages sent forth from time to time from the hearts and brains of loved ones unseen. In many hearts Saidie sees the questionings which arise concerning these things, and it is well, for Saidie would have each one stand upon the rock which is abiding. Children, the myths have woven their network, and destroying this requires the strong hand of a fearless iconoclast. It is not alone the faiths and superstitions which have cast their mythic mantle o'er the mind; but mankind has a fear of launching out upon the tide of truth to be borne out wherever that may lead, lest the shores of the present be lost to view in some blinding mist. Dear ones, Infinite Love allows no danger rocks or whirlpools in the channels of pure thought and holy purpose. Saidie places no command on any except to uproot evil, upbuild good, look to the highest and holiest to guide your life barque, and sail fearlessly out and on toward the harbor of the hereafter, knowing a heart and hand of love is able to guide safely. No one can promise a clear sky and smooth sea for the voyage; all know they must meet the storm as well as enjoy the sunlight; both are gifts of a love unbounded as the skies.

When mankind has learned that Infinite Love rules the universe, when they know no angry power usurps its throne, then will they begin to look for that which will surely lead them in the road of progress, and find that the divine part of their natures is expanding, and will become their ruling power. Saidie has seen with sorrow the growing power of evil, yet seeing this has known that this must wane and the light of truth be revealed to the

understanding and heart. This is the law of nature and nature's God, known and felt through the ages by those whose duty it is to bless the world. And, children, is not the light and knowledge each one receives a blessing? Saidie would again speak to her children of the ministrations of the guardians. These have come to each one as an angel of light, are the guardians of the inner sanctuary of the soul, and in no sense to be thought as earth companions. Saidie sees where this message is the need of some hearts.

Children, the earth bound have sought to be teachers and guides, while themselves need both teacher and guide. Saidie would be no wisdom mother did she not faithfully lay before you all truth, did she not wisely correct all error, and lovingly endeavor to lead only in the homeward bound ways. Therefore when she sees the thoughts that rise as incense to the spirit world and notes their error, she would faithfully point out these and beseech each one to root out unsparringly, that the gardens of the soul may be bright and fair. Think never you are forgotten. Could your spirit vision be opened, and you be permitted to see the groups of angels, oft your hearts would be made light and the earth paths would e'en be bright and pleasant before you. Forget you! When the sun forgets to shine and the flowers to bloom, when heaven ceases to be, and the spirit fades and dies, we may; but while life and love are immortal expressions of Deity's powers, we who watched all your earth lives patiently, lovingly, will never forget those we love who are in the valleys of their incarnation.

Children, you who are doing all mortals can do to promulgate truth, before Saidie and your guardians you have stood and received with one baptismal touch an angel's promise, and that promise is recorded in letters of light upon the tablets of the better land. Its light has not grown dim, e'en as you have wandered 'mong the envolving mists of the valleys. Where lesser good has thrown its power o'er you, an angel's voice has spoken in its sweet, still tones, and the words have been heard, many have been led by the restless spirit within to the temple, where they were to find the bread of life, and this has been but the fulfillment of a promise made in the realms of light, ere you opened material eyes in an earth home.

To such Saidie's words will come with their own assurance, a verification of their inner promptings and the result thereof. There are still other waiting guardians whose hearts are still to be made glad when those they love shall turn to them with longing hearts to know the truth. Pioneer hands are opening door after door, strong hearts uplift the banner of light, and many hearts rejoice. Bright will be the day when the mists and myths shall roll away and the sunlight of eternal truth be freely welcomed in all hearts. For this, our children, work and pray, not repeating idle words, but ever looking to the wise for counsel, which shall never be denied, and wisdom that faileth not.

Peace be with you.

SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel's Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 7, 1889.

TRUTH.—Not without astonishment can we look back at what in those times were popularly regarded as criteria of truth. Doctrines were considered as established by the number of martyrs who had professed them, by miracles, by the confession of demons, of lunatics, or of persons possessed of evil spirits.—Prof. Draper.

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nov10-5m\*



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324 Seventeenth Street, San Francisco.

Classes in Metaphysics and Mental Healing. '83

Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

By the President. Daily, except Sunday

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PSYCHO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

Residence, 512 Eighth Street,



## GOLDEN GATE.

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## THOUGHTS:

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SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

We should build our characters upon the Rock of Truth; for thereby we are building for the ages—for eternity. We surely do not want to go into the other life with our work half done,—wholly unprepared for the change. We should know something of the place whither we are going, and what we shall expect to do when we get there. And especially should we know what kind of preparation will best fit us for the new life upon which we all, sooner or later, must enter. We should not encumber our spirits with any useless baggage. If we are wise we will cut ourselves loose, and leave behind us all weights to the spirit's advancement. And we cannot begin this grand work any too soon.

Is it possible for one to love an abstract principle—the law of gravitation, for instance; the rotundity of the earth, electricity, heat, decomposition, or even that mighty energy we call God? We can love personalities; but no intelligent thinker believes God to be a personality. To obviate the difficulty, the religious world gives a personality to Jesus Christ, who, they tell us, was a "very God and a very man." Is it not probable that in loving our fellow-men, and helping them up the steps of life, in every way in our power, we are rendering unto God just the kind, and the only kind of love he requires of us? In fact, is it not really the only kind of love we are capable of bestowing?

You cannot win souls by what is called "Knock down arguments." You may antagonize and disgust, but you cannot convince. Our teachers and speakers should ever bear this in mind. The thought that goes forth on its mission barbed and feathered with the spirit of love and good will, will cleave its way through all barriers of opposition straight to the heart; while the same thought, sent forth in a harsh and uncharitable spirit, will simply embitter and disgust. There are those who delight in seeing the cherished opinions of others rudely assailed, who would repel as a personal insult, any rude assault upon their own cherished opinions. There can be but one wise rule of human action, and that is the Golden Rule.

"Let us pray."—Not to a personal God, for we have no evidence that there is any such being in the Universe.—Not for the purpose of changing any law of matter, or persuading the Infinite Energy, called by many names, to do what He or It would otherwise not do; but simply because prayer is a natural attribute of the unfolded spirit, and by it the spirit is brought into beautiful unison and harmony with the Spirit of Nature—with the magnetic currents of sympathetic thoughts of love, and goodness, that flow in and about all human life upon this planet, and connect it with the higher forms of life of all planets. True prayer is simply an aspiration for the best in one's own soul, and in all other souls. The truly spiritual man is compelled to pray, in this sense, and he cannot help it.

Don't crowd. The world is broad and wide. There is room for all, and enough for all, if those who already have more than their share will only stop crowding. Why should any one want more than he can wisely use? It only brings a burden of care that is anything but happiness. One of the richest men in this state, one who is devoting a large share of his many millions to a mighty educational enterprise, was recently asked his opinion upon this subject. He replied that his great wealth brought him anything but rest and comfort. On the other hand, it was a source of perpetual annoyance to him. It bound him a slave to the wheels of drudgery and hard, unceasing work. Far better for his own happiness if he possessed only a humble competency. Such, we doubt not, is the experience of all rich men; they are slaves to their possessions. But not all are so wisely decorating their chains with beautiful flowers of the spirit as he of whom we speak. My hard-working, wealth-seeking brother or sister, thank God, and take courage, that you are not rich.

Suppose the universe is governed by law, as it doubtless is, then what is law, where did it come from, and who made it? May there not be a something behind law that we know nothing about? The Spiritualist possesses a knowledge of spiritual things that the Materialist denies. Why should the former deny the possibility of the existence of far greater spiritual realities whereof he has no knowledge? It becomes us all, in our researches through Nature, to be humble and modest in our conclusions. Dogmatic theology has been the evil genius of humanity. Dogmatism in science is but little better. What most of us do not know about Nature, and its pulsating energies, would make many large volumes.

A little while and the dream of life will be ended; the curtain will fall, the lights be turned out, and we shall go to our homes to sleep till the morning dawns. And what a morning that will be! Did its full significance ever occur to you, dear reader? As you wake to consciousness, you will find yourself surrounded, perhaps, by a circle of happy faces, of those near and dear to you, who went out from your mortal life and left you crushed and desolate. A fond mother, a precious child, a beloved wife or husband, all waiting to give you glad greeting and welcome to your spirit home. Who talks to you now of woe, of pain or sorrow, who the rosette dawning of that first new day in the "land beyond the river," breaks upon your enraptured vision! A little while, aged brother, sister, and the Angel of Deliverance will invite you to lay your burden down and rest.

What an empty shell is life not lived to some good purpose! How barren and desolate it seems! How vastly more so when perverted by selfishness into corrupt and dishonest ways! If we could only see ourselves as we are seen by those shining ones who have fought the good fight over their lower natures and won the glad victory, how small and unworthy we would seem in our own eyes. Scavengers of earth, gathering up rags and rubbish for mortal junk shops. Bye-and-bye Death comes along and breathes upon our possessions, and they all vanish, and we with them. The question which the angel of each individual conscience will ask its owner sometime, will not be, How much money did you make on earth? but, How did you make it, and what have you now to show for it? There, your bank deposit will go for naught, and your houses and lands also. What else have you? Ah, brother mortal, beware!

## W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On last Sunday, June 9, W. J. Colville conducted funeral services over the remains of all that was earthly of Mrs. Bangles, a lady widely known and greatly beloved both in and out of Theosophical circles, in Hamilton Church, Oakland, at 9 A. M. Mr. Gibson presided at the organ; Mr. and Mrs. McCarty sang very sweetly; a profusion of beautiful flowers adorned the platform, in front of which was placed the casket adorned with pure white lilies of rare loveliness, which fitly betokened the sweet, gentle nature of the departed sister. Fully two hundred people had gathered for the services, including almost all the members of the Theosophical lodges of San Francisco and Oakland. The invocation, address, and poem were well adapted to the occasion, and gave pleasure and comfort to all present, many of whom could not repress deep emotion at the earthly loss of a friend whose chief characteristics were fervent loyalty to conviction and deep, unselfish love for all humanity. After the services in the church, a long procession moved to the cemetery, where remarks were made by fellows of the Theosophical Society, who had been long privileged to know our arisen sister.

Owing to a pressing engagement at the Camp Meeting, W. J. Colville was obliged to leave for San Francisco immediately after the exercises in Hamilton Church. He reached the tent a very few minutes after eleven, where, under the genial presidency of Mr. Steele, he delivered a discourse which was universally pronounced one of the very best which a San Francisco audience has ever heard from his lips.

At 3 P. M. he addressed a crowded audience in Oakland Synagogue on "The Lessons of Pentecost." His public classes continue to be well attended in Oakland Synagogue, Monday and Thursday at 2.45 P. M. and at 1725 Everett Street, Alameda, the same evenings at 7.45, where also a private class is in session Tuesday and Friday at 10 A. M.

The interest in San Jose and Mountain View increases rather than diminishes, and many feelings of regret are freely expressed at the idea of this active worker's speedy departure from this vicinity.

On Sunday next, June 16, W. J. Colville is announced to speak at the Camp Meeting at 11 A. M., in Oakland Synagogue at 3 P. M., on the "Book of Daniel," and in Tucker's Hall, Alameda, at 7.45 P. M. He was booked to deliver his popular lecture on "Looking Backward, or Co-operation in the year 2000," in Tucker's Hall, Alameda, Friday, June 14, at 7.45 P. M.

He will repeat it in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, next Friday, June 21, at 7.45 P. M. Admission, ten cents.

W. J. Colville will bid a last farewell to his many friends in San Francisco during a musical literary entertainment, to take place in College Hall, 196 McAllister Street, July 2, for which occasion a number of talented friends have kindly donated their services. He may still be addressed at 1119 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

## OUR STATE MEETING.

The California Camp Meeting Association opened their Fourth Annual Meeting in this city on Sunday last, in their big tent erected at the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Fell Street. The tent is nicely floored, with a commodious and neatly carpeted platform. The latter was beautifully decorated with flowers, some of the finest pieces being the work of the deft fingers of Mrs. Cowell and other Oakland Spiritualists.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, Brother I. C. Steele, President of the Board of Directors of the State Association, opened the meeting with some timely and earnest words, and then introduced Brother W. J. Colville, who delivered an inaugural discourse full of the grandest spiritual thoughts.

In the afternoon, Miss Carrie Downer occupied the platform, delivering a beautiful inspirational discourse in a deeply impressive manner. She was followed by some experiments in mind reading by the Hoffstad brothers, which were in the main remarkably successful. The brothers were taken out of the tent while each one of the committee men secreted a small object. Upon their return, one of the brothers led one of the committee men by a short string directly to a lady in the audience, and drew out from her hat trimmings a small door key that had been secreted there. In the meantime, the other brother (with Mr. Wadsworth as committee man) did not succeed quite as well, although he came very close to the object several times. Success followed with the third member of the committee. These brothers are stopping at the residence of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, 921 Market Street, where they will hold seances in mind reading for a short time.

In the evening, that eminent thinker and scholar, Charles Dawbarn, occupied the platform, delivering a profoundly instructive discourse on "Natural Law as Opposed to the Idea of a Supreme Being." While many Spiritualists would not probably agree with Mr. Dawbarn in his conclusions, all must concede to him eminent ability.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Crossett occupied the platform for the first half hour. This lady is one of our newly developed inspirational speakers. She is certainly an ornament to the rostrum, and we believe she will, ere long, take her place beside the very best of our public speakers. Surely, she has a great work before her. She was followed by a conference meeting in which Mrs. Hendee, Mrs. Aitken and Mrs. Nickless took part. Mrs. Hendee was under a beautiful inspiration, and spoke finely. Mrs. Aitken and Mrs. Nickless both gave tests, each giving very excellent satisfaction.

On Tuesday evening, W. J. Colville gave the best discourse we ever heard him deliver in this city. He spoke upon a subject furnished by the audience—"Should Spiritualists Offer Prayer to a Supreme Being?" As might be expected, he took the affirmative and truly spiritual side of the question. It was such a discourse as we could wish every materialist in the land might listen to. As this lecture was reported in full by Mr. Hawes we hope soon to be able to place it before our readers.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Downer occupied the platform again, and on Wednesday evening the inimitable John Slater gave tests from the platform to a large audience. Mr. Slater never fails to interest his audiences. On this occasion he was especially good, giving many most conclusive proofs of spirit power.

The music at these meetings is a very pronounced feature of excellence. Mr. Fleming's splendid baritone and Miss Eva Ballou's exquisite notes, are a source of delight to all attendants. Miss Hill plays the accompaniments. There is a rich spiritual treat for all who attend these meetings.

## SLANDER

The *Signs of the Times* has exactly the right idea of slander, and according thereto, it is one of the most common of sins. It says:

"Slander is commonly understood to be a false report affecting another's character, uttered maliciously; yet, as a matter of fact, that slander which, as a rule, does the most harm to reputation, is not uttered maliciously, but is spoken recklessly by those who have no deliberate or passionate purpose of evil in giving it currency."

Slander that is most common and most pernicious is born of mental idleness. Empty heads make active tongues, for human beings are sociable, and having the gift of speech they readily find listeners who are lonesome like themselves, and as ready to hear as the others are to talk. Shallow water is babbling; the brook that turns no wheel, nor fertilizes the neighboring fields, rushes noisily over its bed, simply wearing off the angled rocks at its bottom, and perhaps whiling away the hours for strollers along its banks.

The average human life is like the shallow brook that attracts by its pleasantness and noise, but yields no more substantial profit than a day's pleasure. Minds that do not think, find a certain pleasure in the chatter of tongues that wag for the same reason. Cultivation of the thoughts and charities is the one remedy for thoughtless slander. We have schools and teachers for many things, and we should have schools of conversation, the object of which should be to learn to talk of things and principles, not persons.

A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT.—On Friday evening, June 7, a grand concert was given in College Hall for the benefit of the institution. The hall presented a very festive appearance, the decorations reflecting great credit on the ladies, headed by Miss Wadham, with whom the work was a labor of love. The attendance was large, and every one expressed great delight with the whole affair, which from first to last was a brilliant success. The excellent programme, published beforehand in the *GOLDEN GATE*, was splendidly carried out. All the artists gave their services, and all sustained their parts so well that comparison would be utterly out of place. A hand-

some sum was netted for the worthy object for which the entertainment was given. The vocalists were Mme. Fries-Bishop, Mrs. McCarty, Miss Ruby Carman, Miss Bertha Wadham, the Wieses Van der Zeip and Hoffmann, and W. J. Colville; instrumentalists, Mrs. Shipley and Miss Lary (pianists), R. H. Whitney (cornet), and Abraham Weisphet (violin); elocutionists, Miss Estelle Fusier and Miss Vase. Between the parts W. J. Colville gave an improvised poem, and at the close Mrs. Wilson gave an affecting address.

## OBJECT TEACHING.

The world is fast becoming one great kindergarten; teachers of all classes are casting aside letters and books and taking to the embodied ideas they suggest. This stage first inaugurated the system, but it was long before instructors caught the idea and applied it to the early training of our children. It should not however be confined to infancy, nor to any class of studies, or branches of instruction, but be applied to all as the better means of making all knowledge practical as it is acquired.

We have object teaching from the pulpit and party platform now; in the latter case its power has been brought to bear upon the cause of Ireland, and will doubtless be a potent agency in impressing upon stay-at-home-Englishmen the barbarousness of coercion as practiced in the Emerald Isle to-day. The idea is credited to the Gladstonians, who have been racking their ingenuity for some device that would have the above result. The object that is to "teach" is a perfect copy of the huge battering-ram, known as the "Balfour Maiden," which has played a prominent part in many successful evictions. The "Maiden" is just ready to accompany speakers through rural England, and is expected to do what argument and speech can not, which is to abolish that and similar engines now employed in restoring the peace in Ireland. Who does not wish success to the "Balfour Maiden?"

ENGAGEMENT CLOSED.—The five months' engagement of W. J. Colville for meetings at Metropolitan Temple and Metaphysical College, has closed. It was a most successful season throughout, both financially and spiritually; Mr. Colville has given us week by week, the most sublime teachings, which have quickened the spirit and helped on many souls to the path which leads to perfect righteousness. The financial part was under the supervision of Mrs. Josephine R. Wilson and Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, and they are certainly to be congratulated on their efficient management. The meetings were held with open doors and no passing of the evangelical plate; but all were at liberty to leave at the door, as they passed out, such contributions as they chose to give. These contributions, with such subscriptions for the support of the meetings as they were able to obtain, enabled them to meet all expenses promptly, and come out from the long season clear of debt. Now the expenses of such meetings are much greater than many people suppose. The first and heaviest item was of course, the salary of the speaker—then comes rent, which is no small item, music, advertising, fuel, etc. The total expenses of the meetings reached about twelve hundred dollars. This amount the ladies succeeded in raising, with no unpaid bills left to rankle and disturb their repose. In this they have set their stalwart "protectors" a lesson in earnest endeavor worthy of emulation. They desire through the columns of the *GOLDEN GATE*, to thank all who so generously aided them in their efforts.

It was not bodily suffering which so quickly ended the life of Christ upon the cross. It was the crushing weight of the sins of the world, and a sense of his Father's wrath, that broke his heart.

Christ felt much as sinners will feel when the vials of God's wrath shall be poured out upon them. If they refuse the heavenly benefit, if they choose the pleasures and deceitfulness of sin, they can have their choice, and at the end receive their wages, which is the wrath of God and eternal death.

We clip the above from editorials in *The Signs of the Times*. The thoughts they contain—the terrible libel upon the All Father—are common to most of our religious teachings, from both pulpit and press. God's wrath! Why what in the world has God to get wrathly about? If he made us, and made a bad job of it, he surely ought not to blame us, and fly into a passion about it, and kick us all into hades. A better way would be to "Try, try again," and keep on trying, until he could turn out a first-class piece of humanity that he would not feel it his duty to drown, or burn up, or consign to everlasting perdition. That, in our judgment, is just what He is doing by His infinite law of evolution. Truly, "an honest God [or rather, a rational idea of God,] is the noblest work of man."

"HERTHA."—We have received from the author, Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, of Los Angeles, a little book of eighty pages, bearing the foregoing title. All who are familiar with Mrs. Hughes' elegant and thoughtful writings, will want her "Hertha," in which she embodies some of her best thoughts on the elevation of humanity, and especially of women. She quotes as the motto of her book, the charming words of Goethe: "The ever womanly leads us on." Many of our readers will remember Mrs. Hughes as the publisher of a little monthly in this city a few years ago. The price of "Hertha" is, in cloth, 50 cents; in paper, 25 cents. Address the author, P. O. Box 1772, Los Angeles.

Spiritual services were held last Sunday in the Masonic lodge room, B. B. Hall, 121 Eddy Street, by H. W. Abbott, to a very appreciative audience. He gave a fine lecture on Mesmerism, Hypnotism, and Magnetism, followed by tests which were well received. There will be services in the same hall next Sunday evening, when the Doctor will be assisted by James R. McCann, a newly developed medium, who has already given good evidence of the life beyond, and who promises to make a very fine test medium and healer.

## HAVE WE A PROPHET AMONG US?

Dr. J. D. MacLennan, of this city, the magnetic healer, who possesses the gift of prophecy to an amazing degree, and who also has made the lessons of planetary conjunctions, and their influence upon our earth, a profound study, cast the horoscope of the heavens on the first of January last, from which he predicted fearful calamities to earth's children, great fires, devastating pestilences, and mighty floods in the immediate future. His published predictions commenced with this bouquet of horrors:

"Lo! there comes two years of fate,  
Mark what wonders on them wait!  
Monarchs tremble, nations mourn,  
Oceans rage and cities burn!  
Cyclones, droughts and inundations,  
Insurrections, war and pestilence,  
Overflows the fated cup of woe!"

The old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," we prefer to adopt in this instance, rather than repeat the long catalogue of direful catastrophes the Doctor has laid down for us to endure in the near future. We apprehend there is no use in borrowing trouble about events that are liable to happen. The best way to avoid trouble is to ignore it in thought. Still it looks very much as though our prophet friend had struck a "pay lead," judging from the rapid and terrible succession of calamities that have befallen the people, in various portions of the earth, recently. Those who are curious to know more of this matter should address Dr. J. D. MacLennan, 1410 Octavia street, this city.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. Olds will commence building next week at Summerland, which will make the twelfth house in the new town.

—H. L. Williams, of Summerland, is expected to arrive in this city to-day, for a few days' attendance at the State Meeting.

—Hon. W. L. Beebe and wife, of San Luis Obispo, are on a short visit to San Francisco. Judge Beebe is one of the solid men of the Southern country.

—Mr. Pettibone, the independent slate writer, has kindly volunteered a public benefit seance in aid of the somewhat depleted exchequer of the State Camp Meeting Association.

—Mr. Colville speaks at the big tent at 11 o'clock A. M., to-morrow; Mr. Dawbarn at 2.30 P. M., and Mrs. J. J. Whitney will occupy the platform in the evening with a grand test seance.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, one of the best platform test mediums now before the public, will leave this city, with her husband, on Thursday next, direct for Onset, where they will spend the Summer months. They will kindly receive orders for the *GOLDEN GATE* during their absence.

—Mary F. Snow, wife of Herman Snow, formerly of this city, passed on to spirit life from Boston on the 4th instant. Sister Snow was an earnest worker in the Cause of Spiritualism, in this city, for many years. She will be most kindly remembered by many of our readers.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, one of the best platform test mediums now before the public, will leave this city with her husband on Thursday next, direct for Onset, where they will spend the Summer months. They will kindly receive orders for the *GOLDEN GATE* during their absence.

—We have received (too late for this week), a very interesting article on "What is Forgiveness of Sin?" from the pen of James G. Clark, in reply to Mrs. Harris. It will appear in our next. It embodies some new and startling thoughts on the "Atonement," and will be eagerly read by all spiritual scientists.

—Dr. James V. Mansfield, the spirit postmaster, has returned from his trip to Yosemite, and may again be seen at his rooms, corner of Fifth and Market Streets. The doctor kindly volunteered to give the proceeds of one day's sittings for the benefit of the funds of the State Camp Meeting Association.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney's last appearance before the San Francisco public, prior to her departure for the East, will be at the big tent, corner of Fell street and Van Ness Avenue, on Sunday evening next. Those who have never witnessed her wonderful manifestations of spirit power should not allow this opportunity to pass unimproved.

—The noble example of Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper, who has now given to the cause of Spiritualism not less than \$60,000, ought to open the hearts of other wealthy Spiritualists, who are nearing the great change, to follow her example. It is a precious labor of love with Mrs. Sleeper. She knows the truth of Spiritualism, and realizes the needs of the struggling cause.

—Bro. Morell Theobald, Secretary of the London Spiritual Alliance, honored us with a call, the other day. He is on his way home "the world around," via Australia. Bro. Theobald is a remarkable psychic for independent writing, when in company with a younger sister. Neither, apart from the other can obtain the writing, but only when sitting together. He showed us some very singular samples. He only remained with us a few days, when he left for Yosemite.

—The Trustees of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, who are also the Trustees of Mrs. Sleeper's grand gift to the Cause of Spiritualism, are about to place in the market a large number of choice fruit farms of eight and ten acres, together with other valuable property, located at Mountain View. These lands are of the very best to be found on this coast for fruit culture; they are beautifully located in the far-famed Santa Clara valley, within about one hour's ride from San Francisco, and six miles from the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. They are just at the edge of a growing town, with a large public school close by. No more desirable opportunity for handsome homes at a small cost, was ever offered to the public. We shall present a diagram of these lands in the columns of the *GOLDEN GATE*, as soon as we can have it prepared. Mrs. Sleeper's noble gift will doubtless yield \$40,000 to the Cause she loves.



## Weak Opposition.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Mr. Clagett, a professed backslider from Spiritualism, spoke at the First M. E. Church in San Jose one evening last week, advertising his performance as a seance to which "Spiritualists were especially invited." The gentleman showed some shrewdness by declaring in the beginning that Spiritualism was "not a humbug," thinking thus to add weight to the assertion that it was *evil*. He said he had himself acted as a medium, which we could readily believe, since his declaration of *evil* showed that he attracted no good spirits—good spirits do not like acting, which is simply pretension. All persons who set out to denounce Spiritualism, do one unfortunate thing for themselves—they quote the Bible.

Mr. Clagett said, "Communication with spirits is expressly taught by the Bible," and by the word "taught," is certainly meant sanction, not prohibition. He got round the Bible Spiritualism by stating that "angels are not dead men's spirits," which is equivalent to saying that the spirits of mortals are all made evil by the change called death. Then he comes back to the spirit question and quotes Bible again, which says: "Believe not every spirit; test them whether they be good or evil," proving conclusively one of two things: either that all angels are *not good*, or that all the spiritual presences mentioned in scripture were *not angels*. Either admission is bad, for Mr. Clagett's cause, and both good for true Spiritualism.

Mr. Clagett says Spiritualism "pretends to solve the great problem—'If a man die shall he live again?'" It pretends to do no such thing; it does it absolutely, beyond all contradiction and doubt, as is testified by the ten millions of its followers in the United States alone. Our sympathy is with Mr. Clagett and all other persons who, in "trying the spirits," find none that are good. They are in "utter darkness," as well as their disembodied associates. To ever get out of that darkness they must cease denouncing the souls of men as demons, but pray for their assistance.

SAN JOSE, CAL.

## Mediums' Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Fraternity Hall contained a goodly number of mediums and investigators last Sunday afternoon at the Mediums' Meeting, which by the way, will be continued every Sunday afternoon regardless of other attractions. The managers, after consulting the many interested friends, have decided that it is best to not discontinue during the June month, as many do not feel like losing the benefit they derive from attending these social gatherings. The subject of "Consistency," was briefly discussed by G. F. Perkins, Dr. Abbott, Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Herbert of Alameda. Many good suggestions were given, which were accepted and appreciated by the audience. Circles were formed, and many excellent spirit demonstrations were witnessed. One very marked manifestation given through Mrs. Perkins, was recognized by a lady who was the only person acquainted with the spirit, he being only eight days in the spirit land; the lady in question had assisted his wife in the sad duties of performing the funeral ceremonies only the Sunday before. All who saw and heard were deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Our work goes on modestly but satisfactorily.

## A Card of Explanation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In consequence of the publicity so kindly given to my forthcoming work, "Universal Theosophy," in the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE, I have received many inquiries as to when it will be published, etc. To condense information as much as possible, I beg to state that I hope to publish it this coming Autumn, probably in October, it will extend to about 450 pages, will be substantially bound, retail price \$1.50. Miss H. M. Young, whose business address is 1725 Everett Street, Alameda, has the business arrangements under her exclusive management; she will receive subscriptions for the present at \$1 per copy. I cannot personally deal with the work except in a literary capacity.

W. J. COLVILLE.

June 14, 1889.

## Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Progressive Spiritualists of Oakland met last Sunday at Fraternity Hall to hold their usual exercises, Mr. Shepard presiding. The meeting was not so largely attended as usual, owing to the Camp Meeting being held; no doubt a number of our friends visited there. Mrs. Jeanie occupied the platform the entire evening offering invocation, also giving tests and answering a number of mental questions satisfactorily throughout the audience.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. Miller has promised to be with us, also others of our local mediums. We invite both strangers and friends to come and investigate. We welcome all. Meetings commence at 7.

Yours Fraternally,

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

June 12, 1889.

## The Young People's Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Notwithstanding the great attractions in other parts of the city, Fraternity Hall was comfortably filled Sunday evening. The programme was as usual a varied one; recitations were given by several of the younger portion of the audience. Little Flora Thompson of Santa Rosa gave a very nice little recitation; Mrs. Stout favored us with a very pretty piano solo; Dr. Dewey sang a song, and G. F. Perkins read a humorous selection and gave several very accurate phrenological examinations. Mrs. Hendee gave a stirring address to all Spiritualists to stand firm to the truth and nothing but the truth; Mrs. Perkins followed in the same strain, closing with many convincing tests. Mrs.

Thompson of Santa Rosa read a very interesting paper written by spirit direction according to a prophecy given through Mrs. Perkins at her developing class on Wednesday.

## St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Union Spiritual Society meeting last Wednesday evening at St. Andrews' Hall was well attended. The usual order of things was reversed by giving tests the entire evening. Dr. E. C. Dewey gave tests from the platform, all of which were grand, followed by Mrs. E. Nickless, whose control commenced with a few remarks of advice which were well received, after which her control, Sunflower gave a great many tests which were excellent. Then after some music, circles were formed and tests given by a number of mediums.

**Advice to Mothers.**  
Mrs. Winkler's medicine should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Madame Blavatsky with autograph, are now on sale, the proceeds to be given to Theosophical work. Price, \$1.50; mounted, \$2.00. Send orders to Countess Wachtmeister, 17 Landsdown Road, Holland Park, London, W. England. MARI6-2M

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Includes everything of value in all the Schools of Health, and each case is specifically treated according to its nature, always bearing in mind that drugs can not cure a mind-diseased, nor can prayer or mental healing set a broken bone; nor can magnetism supply the place of Vital food and essential medicines.

OUR CURES ARE OUR REFERENCES.  
We will here submit a few cases, selected from thousands of others in our possession, who failed to find relief until they came to us:

## A DEAD LEG.

SAVED FROM THE SAW AND LIFE RESTORED TO IT BY DR. MACLENNAN.

TO THE PUBLIC:—Over two and a half years ago my ankle was badly broken by an accident. I went to the hospital to get it cured. I stayed there one year. Two open sores refused to heal, and I suffered great pain. I was very lame and could walk only with the aid of a crutch and cane. There was no feeling in the shin bone and I was told that it was dead, and would have to be removed or cut off. For that purpose I went again to the hospital, but as they delayed action I changed my mind and went and consulted Dr. MacLennan. After making a thorough examination he said that he would cure it without cutting; and that life and feeling would restore to the bone; that the sores would heal and pain and lameness would disappear. Well, I put myself immediately under his treatment. I am glad I did, for now I am well. All pain is gone. All lameness is gone. Life and feeling came back into the dead bone. The sores healed up quickly, and I am as well as ever.

I reside at the Parrott smelter, Butte City, Montana, where over seven hundred people will bear testimony to my wonderful cure.

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## A MIRACLE.

CURE OF MRS. ANN ALEXANDER, RESIDING AT  
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(From the Daily Tribune)

"Oh, yes; I want every body to know that the Doctor is the greatest mystery I ever met. Just sit down and I will tell you all about my long sickness and sudden recovery. Some fifteen years ago, while crossing a railroad track in a lumber wagon, I received severe injuries, which have disabled me ever since from doing any physical labor. For weeks I have been confined to my bed, and only able to move with the aid of help. My spine was curved, and I had to walk stooped, with my hands on my sides. During all the past fifteen years I have suffered untold miseries, and no amount of care and medicine gave me any relief. On the 20th of this month I managed to get out of bed, and on the afternoon of the day following I determined to go and consult Dr. MacLennan. My husband and daughter assisted me into a street-car, and after a great deal of exertion, I managed to get up stairs into the Doctor's office, by the aid of my friends. After the Doctor had made an external application to the injured parts,

I FELT ENTIRELY CHANGED,  
And realized that every misplaced organ was going into its proper place by some mysterious means. The Doctor then told me that the work was accomplished and that I was healed. I at first doubted his word, when he told me to get out of the chair and walk the floor. With fear and doubt I gradually rose up, and to my astonishment I found that all pain had left me and that I was perfectly well. I leaped with joy and could scarcely refrain from worshipping so great a healer as Dr. MacLennan. Yes, sir; you can just tell your readers that Dr. MacLennan cured me of an infirmity I had suffered with for fifteen years, and I want all afflicted ones to go and see him for themselves. I am now 58 years of age, and feel as though I could do the work of two women since I have regained my health and strength."

DR. HUGHES' SUFFERING AND CURE.

PORTLAND, OR.

The undersigned, a resident of the town of Slaughter, King county, W. T., has been afflicted for over two years with a disease termed by some physicians Epitheloma, by others Tiedoloreux, from which I have suffered greatly—at times the most excruciating pain, only relieved by hot fomentation.

The disease and pain started in my upper jaw on the right side, under the right angle of the nose, extended up through the bones of the face, and finally to the right side of my head, affecting my eyes.

My own skill, being a practicing physician for over forty years, and counsel from several others of good repute, failed to give any relief.

I applied to Dr. MacLennan and received seven treatments from him, and in truth must say that I was relieved of all pain. I sleep well, eat without pain and enjoy a peaceful and pleasant state of mind, such as I have not felt for several years.

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ASSOCIATION!

— WILL HOLD THEIR —

## Fifth : - : Annual : - : Meeting!

— IN —

SAN FRANCISCO.

Commencing Sunday, June 9, 1889,  
Continuing over Four Sundays.

## LOCATION.

As formerly the meetings will be held in the large Tent of the Association, which will be erected on the West side of VAN NESS AVENUE, near Market street. A place easily reached from all points of the city by lines of cable cars.

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As in former years, the platform will be occupied by able speakers and the most popular test mediums that have ever appeared before the public. The management take great pleasure in presenting the following

## PROGRAM.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 9th, Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 11th, Short Address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 12th, Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 8 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 13th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 14th, Answers to Questions by Mr. W. J. Colville; 8 P. M., Literary and Musical Entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 15th, Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 16th, Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn; 8 P. M., Tests by Mrs. J. J. Whitney.

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 18th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Chas. Dawbarn.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 19th, Answers to Questions by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 20th, Short Address by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and Conference; 8 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 21st, Children's Meeting; 7:45 P. M., Literary and musical entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 22d, Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette; 7:45 P. M.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 23d, Lecture by Mr. Charles Dawbarn; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by W. J. Colville;

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 25th, Conference meeting; 7:45 P. M., Tests by Mr. John Slater.

Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 26th, Lecture by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mrs. Carrie L. Downer.

Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 27th, Answers to questions by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, and Conference; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Prof. W. H. Holmes.

Friday, 2:30 P. M., 28th, Short address by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, and Conference; 8 P. M., Literary and musical entertainment.

Saturday, 2:30 P. M., 29th, Lecture by Mrs. Carrie E. Downer; 7:45 P. M., Lecture by Mr. W. J. Colville.

Sunday, 11 A. M., 30th, Lecture by Mrs. E. B. Crossette; 2 P. M., Lecture by Mr. Charles Dawbarn; 8 P. M.,

## MUSIC.

The Musical Department and the Friday evening Entertainments will receive special attention, and be made an enjoyable part of the exercises.

## ACCOMMODATIONS.

There will be no camping upon the grounds. In close proximity good board and lodging can be obtained at reasonable rates.

All strangers from abroad are cordially invited to unite with us in this prominent spiritual event of the year, and feel they have a home among us. This is the first time the State Association has pitched its tent in the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and a large attendance is expected, with an outpouring of spiritual blessing from the hosts of light.

## ALL ARE WELCOME!

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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nov 26

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 903 1/2 and 913 1/2 Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES IN MASONIC LODGE S. Room, B. B. Hall, 121 Eddy street, Sunday evening. Lecture and tests by H. W. Abbott and James McCann. Admission, 10 cents.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY. November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 106 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M.

## MINUTE ALARM CLOCK.

(Patent applied for.)

Can be set to alarm in any number of minutes, from one to fifty. Will be useful in the kitchen to direct the attention of the cook at the right moment to anything which a few minutes' oversight might spoil. This clock will be an indispensable adjunct to the public schools as a cheap and reliable class room clock, and invaluable in hospitals and the rooms of the sick, to arouse drowsy nurses at the proper time to administer medicines. The alarm is set in the same way as an ordinary alarm, only that this alarm works with the minute hand of the clock instead of with the hour



## Boston Letter.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The chill of the early spring has faded into the warmth of summer, and Boston Common and the beautiful public gardens are looking their very best; in fact, everybody joins in singing the praises of the season, and many of the New Englanders who now are living near the Golden Gate, will be glad to feel that all the old landmarks remain. Memory takes us back to pleasant scenes, no matter how much brighter weather or nature may have made our external surroundings, and I have no doubt there are many of your readers who will recall, on many occasions the glistening dome of the State House, the long, shaded walks just opposite to it; the staid Bunker Hill Monument, which, like a sentinel, is keeping guard over the sacred memories of the early struggles; while the old South Church, standing amidst the whirl and bustle of the city, is another witness of the first step toward American liberty, and further up Tremont street is the Cyclorama picturing with vivid reality, the birth of freedom on these Western shores. The great crowds come and go, the generations of men wise, and unwise, play their part in the drama of life, and pass out from sight into silence, but the old landmarks remain, and hold within their keeping as a sacred trust, whatever we may have twined around them.

Among these things that have been arises many new and splendid buildings, monuments to the labor, industry and enterprise of our present age, the most splendid of which is the magnificent Health Palace of Dr. R. C. Flower, on Columbus avenue, which has accommodation for many hundred guests, or patients, as they are called. It is really an inducement to be ill, if one could pass the time of sickness in such luxurious quarters, where everything that a refined taste and sensitive nature can demand, has been placed with such a lavish hand. The success of Dr. Flower has been phenomenal; he came here from New York City, where he had built up a large practice, and began his medical work in a quiet, unostentatious way, and steadily began to increase, until to-day, he stands as the most successful practitioner here, having just completed this health palace at an enormous expenditure, and opened it in a right royal fashion. The building itself stands in a fine quarter and is simply sumptuous in furnishing and ornamentation, while the Turkish baths, which are the most extensive of anything of the kind in the country, are like an Oriental scene.

One of the clerks who attracts considerable attention, is Charles Watkins, formerly the slate writer. He has, like too many others, left the mediumistic field and is steadily gaining ground in other paths; he recently graduated from a medical college and is still studying, while engaged here. He sometimes gives a seance by special appointment, but he is no longer seen among the Spiritualists, and yet he is one of the most remarkable psychics I have ever seen. What a pity persons possessing such power could not be retained in the movement.

Professor Humiston, a man of great ability, assisted in the creation of the palace, and shortly after it was opened, passed on to the higher life. He was a noble man, a true friend, an earnest Spiritualist, and was distinguished for many acts of charity and goodness. Heaven grant that he has now found rest and peace. Dr. Flower has ever been a friend to mediums, and during the present fight in our Legislature over the Medical Bill, he has contributed more money than any other man. He is a credit to our present generation.

The spiritual movement generally here is quiet. Many of the lectures are closed for the season, and will not open again until October. The mediums seem to be pretty busily employed, although the "pros and cons" are as pronounced as ever. It has long been conceded that the enemies to Spiritualism are Spiritualists, and therefore it is not surprising that nearly all the best writers are seeking other avenues of employment. The trouble is, that while we hear the broadest charity, and the broadest truth taught from the platform, the Spiritualists are too prone to sit in judgment upon each other. I have seen persons applaud sentiments like these: "All are brothers and sisters; there is no life so low but what there is hope; and directly the lecture was over, violate every principle they had been taught. Now, so long as this lasts, so long persons of ability will think twice before they undertake a truth that brings so much sorrow, from the very ones who assume to have been pleased by it.

Mrs. Lillie has done a fine work in Boston this season, and is very generally liked for her outspoken attitude, while Mr. Bareter and a few others are faithful still, but there is a great necessity for a more united action among the mediums.

The schools of oratory, the liberal medical colleges and the schools of Divinity are fast becoming the asylum of mediums, a number of whom graduated this season from them, and I know of several more who will enter this Autumn. Can there not be something done, to make all this tell for our truth?

Mr. Cephas B. Lynn, Charles Hayden, William Brunton, Captain H. H. Brown—are all filling fine positions in the various New England pulpits, liberalizing it is true, the people, but not "rendering unto Caesar the things that belong to

Cæsar." The Rev. Minot Savage has recently been delivering a sermon on the "Isms," which has attracted, strangely enough, considerable attention. I say strangely, for the *maybe* so strongly emphasized, that after one has read the entire discourse one is wildly told to wait for forthcoming results, which in other words, means that the wind of popular opinion is not blowing quite strongly enough yet, to warrant changing the course of the ship. Mr. Savage enjoys the confidence of the Spiritualists generally. He marries many of them, and is constantly in demand to attend their funerals, so he can afford to give them a small say—well, once in a year or two.

What is needed is a general acceptance of a set of principles, incorporating the basic truths of Spiritualism; then the teacher and the private individual would know what was their own property in the realm of ideas, and what was not. The Rev. A. A. Miner said the other day, that Dean Stanley had taken "Universalism and preached it without giving Universalists the least credit." Possibly so; equally true is the statement that nearly all the ministers and liberal writers have used Spiritualism wholesale, Mr. Miner not excepted, and never thought of rendering the least credit to the Cause and early workers, who have given this truth to the world, but instead, have preached and written of our ideas, as if they had originated with themselves.

Look at the "Gates Ajar" and "The Gates Wide Open," by Miss Phelps; nothing but Spiritualism, and yet the author is not a Spiritualist, and thinks it may be the part of science to settle the claims of this new religion. Science has never before been asked to settle any question of religion or theology. Why not relegate the theory of the Immaculate Conception, Vicarious Atonement and the Judgment Day to science first, and then deal with Spiritualism afterwards? Up to this point, science has ever been looked upon as the direct foe that theology had—an enemy to religion. If Spiritualism be the "Firm Rock," as Mr. Savage says, why not leave the shifting sands of Faith, and come boldly out and use that rock as the foundation for a newer and broader religion, rather than as a prop to the old and fast decaying ones?

It surely is not too much to ask, that if Spiritualism is to furnish the world with the only demonstration of the immortality of the soul, that it should have the undisputed credit for having done so. Theology endeavored to explain the law of creation, and for years held to its opinion with unrivaled persistency, until science proved by Nature herself, the fallacy of the claim, and now one by one, the different churches have modified their prejudices, endeavoring to fit their previous explanations to the demonstrations of the present hour, making a ludicrous failure. Soon the theories of rewards and punishments will be subject to modification, because of the return of spirits, who, by their testimony will disprove alike hell-fire and eternal bliss in the eternal realms. And this will be called the liberal tendency of the age. The truth will in time be accepted, but the step by which that truth has been gained ignored, and a new aristocracy raised, unless the leaders in this new work proclaim their own kingdom; and instead of going over to the church, demand that the church come to them.

But I am, as usual, moralizing, and I only wished to send you kindly greeting and chronicle some of the events in our movement. Let me hope that prosperity attends your earnest efforts, and extend to your numerous readers my best wishes for a happy summer holiday.

Yours very truly,

JOHN WM. FLETCHER,  
BOSTON, May 29, 1889.

THE TRUE WIFE.—Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew if the little steam-tug untwined her arm, and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, full-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream and have been heard of no more.—O. W. Holmes.

An eminent minister, while delivering a lecture to some theological students on oratory, said: "Young gentlemen, don't stand before a looking glass and make your gestures. Pump yourself brim full of your subject till you can't hold another drop, and then knock out the bung and let nature caper."

Emotion, whether of ridicule, anger or sorrow, whether raised at a puppet-show, a funeral or a battle, is your greatest leveller. The man who would be always superior should be always apathetic.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Imaginary evils soon become real by indulging our reflections on them.

## A Remarkable Teapot.

(Houston Texas, Correspondent Globe-Democrat.)

A story, so remarkable as to be scarcely worthy of credence had not the narrator been a lady of unimpeachable veracity, was related to your correspondent a few days ago. The lady, who is a member of an old, aristocratic family, told me the story in the following terms:

When the founder of the American branch of our family came over from England, he brought a large quantity of silverware, already very old. Among the various articles was a teapot of curious workmanship and shape. In fact, the odd vessel may not have been a teapot, but it was called so. All of this silver was stolen during the Revolutionary war, the teapot included; but the morning after the theft, to the great surprise of the family, this particular piece was found in its accustomed place. No one could even surmise how it came there. Through all the changes of circumstances and residence that teapot has remained with us. I would only weary you were I to recite the numerous times it has been lost, stolen, and even sold, and yet, through some mysterious intervention, it has always made its way back to the possession of the family. But the most wonderful thing in connection with this singular vessel is that never, since we possess any record of it, has it been put to its ostensible use. The first I knew of this was when I was a girl of sixteen. My mother was giving a large tea-party, and while she was arranging her table she placed upon it the teapot we ordinarily used.

"Mother," I exclaimed, "why don't you use that lovely old teapot which came from England?"

She answered, gravely, "Alice, you are old enough now to hear the story of that teapot, and I will tell it to you, for the thing will eventually become yours. The history of the vessel no one knows, but it has been remarked by its possessors for generations that no one has ever been able to use it. Place it on the table, and watch it as you will, it is invariably removed and returned to its case, by what or whom I cannot say."

"Well, I'll engage to find out," I said, "if you'll let me get it down."

She gave her consent, and I put the teapot on the table, taking my seat within reach of it. My mother went on with her work, passing in and out of the room, while I sat intently regarding the beautiful old piece of silver. About five minutes passed, when I received a violent blow on the cheek, which caused me to turn indignantly to see my assailant. There was no one in the room! Hurt and bewildered, I looked back at the table, but the teapot was gone! I ran to the closet, on the shelf of which the thing was kept, and there I saw it in its place. I called my mother and told her what had happened.

"You see," she said, "it does not intend to be used."

After some years the teapot became my property, but I had such a horror of the diabolical thing that I kept it under lock and key for some time. At last one of my neighbors sent to borrow a teapot of me on the occasion of a high tea. Thinking to find out whether its peculiarities were only exercised for the family's benefit or not, I sent her my strange heirloom. In an hour or two my friend came running in.

"My dear friend," she cried, "have you heard anything of your teapot? I fear it has been stolen. I had filled it and left it on the table, when I left the room for a moment. On my return I found the tea spilt and running from the cloth, and the pot gone."

We went to my closet together, and, though the door had been locked and the key in my pocket, there sat the teapot in its place. There was nothing for me but to make a clean breast of it to her, but I could see that she was incredulous and very much offended. I resolved now to have the thing melted down, but the fact of its being an heirloom caused me to reconsider my resolution. My husband, too, persuaded me to try and solve the mystery before destroying so remarkable an object. Overcoming the horror, and even terror, with which I regarded the thing, I brought it out one evening, and my husband and I sat down to watch it. As we fixed our eyes on it we saw distinctly a delicate feminine hand close its shadowy fingers about the handle, and carry the teapot through the air to the closet. Once at rest on the shelf, the hand relinquished its hold and vanished, and we brought the teapot back to the table, resuming our watch. Again the phantom hand seized the handle, but Mr. — caught the spout and clung to it. Then ensued a struggle between my husband and the invisible power that sought to remove the teapot from the room. For several moments, during which my husband says he seemed slowly turning to ice, the struggle went on, when suddenly the uncanny thing was snatched from the living hand that held it, and, to our surprise, replaced it on the table. We ran to it and saw a clear, colorless liquid gradually rise from some invisible spring and fill the teapot. We bent our heads over it and saw, instead of the bottom, a spacious room; that is, we seemed to be looking as through a window into such an apartment. There were three persons in the room, a man and two women.

My knowledge of by-gone fashions was not sufficient for me to accurately determine the nationality and period of their

dress, but from what I did know I judged it belonged to England, of perhaps the eighteenth century. Both women were beautiful; one in a dark vivacious style, the other in a blonde English way. The man seemed to divide equally between the two his attentions, which were courtly, and what would now seem exaggerated and affected. The fair woman went to a table and took up my teapot! She poured out a cup of some liquid (whether it was tea or not I can not tell), and handed it to the dark woman, who in turn presented it to the man. He appeared to protest, but finally drank it. The fair woman made a gesture as if to prevent it, but was too late. She again filled the cup and gave it to the other woman, who drank it. As she did so the man fell to the floor, evidently dying, the dark woman falling also on her knees beside him. She arose soon, and turning to the murderer, cursed her. (I judged so by her silent gesture and the teapot to which she pointed.) This done, she fell beside the man, and the next moment the liquid turned blood red, while a low, long-drawn moan and a ringing, cruel laugh of triumphant scorn were heard in the room. The lights burned blue, and flickered so low that we could scarcely see the face of the other. A chill wind swept over us, and after it everything resumed its usual aspect, but the teapot, once more empty and quite dry, sat in its accustomed place on the closet shelf. We sent it next day to have it melted down, but it wasn't forty-eight hours before my horror was back again. Yes, if you call I'll show it to you, for I have given up. I know I'm saddled with it for life.

## The Wall Kept Falling.

(Celestial City.)

At Peekskill a few years ago was a house of a remarkable character, owned by and the residence of a Mr. McCabe, a gentleman very well and favorably known in that locality. The building was extremely old fashioned, with beams and board ceilings characteristic of the old manner of building, only one room therein being ornamented with a plastered wall, and that the parlor. At the back of the house was a deep pool of water, so deep that a fifteen-foot pole could not fathom its depths. One remarkable feature connected with this place was that the ceiling of this plastered room was constantly falling. No matter how perfectly the masons executed their work, the wall fell just the same. And out of this plastering every time it fell came several large pebbles, that it was positively determined never could have been mixed up in the mortar by such capable masons as had been employed. And when this had been repeated a number of times, the very striking similarity between the pebbles each time found was noticed, and search being made over the field where they had been thrown, revealed the strange fact that in each instance they were among the mortar, they had disappeared from the place where they had been thrown aside. On the next occasion the pebbles were taken to the deep pool and cast into it. The ceiling was replastered, fell again, and out rolled the pebbles. Not yet satisfied, the stones were painted red, white, and blue, and again cast into the water's depth. The ceiling repaired, it continued undamaged until the inmates had just commenced to believe the trouble ended, and then down it fell again, and to the intense astonishment of everybody out rolled the three pebbles, red, white, and blue. This phenomenon continued a long time and was seen by many persons, among them the venerable clergyman, Rev. Robert Travis, deceased, for many years pastor of the Allen Street Methodist Church in New York City, who authenticated the account to his dying day.

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## Timely Words from "Aunt Cordelia."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The timely letter of the "Happy Mother of Eight," in one of your late papers, together with the perusal of Edward Bellamy's grand production, "Looking Backward," in which the future condition of women and children is so beautifully and specially portrayed, has struck a key-note in my heart; and I have been wondering why it would not be well to open a "Mother's Column" in your valuable paper, and encourage every mother in the land to express through it her highest thought regarding woman's domestic position, and the production of better offspring, through which must come the emancipation of the race.

Years ago, when I finally found courage to sever my connection with the church, and began to think for myself, I was an enthusiastic advocate of the suffrage movement, the temperance movement, the social purity league, etc., until I awakened to the fact that they were mere side issues and did not touch the main issue at all. I promptly withdrew from further endeavor in that line. Have expressed my views in private to hundreds of friends since that time, but it is clear to my mind that the day is well nigh spent, in which fuller and more public expression from all women should be heard, which will lead (after individual effort) to a concerted action for the betterment of the human being, who is, after all, the angel of both present and future.

It is conceded by every one that the age of theories has gone by, and we are entering into the practical; then why not come to the front with every practical thought. As woman is in one sense the source of human life, she has, and shall be, the world's redeemer, and to her we must look for the living power that is to sweep away the environments that have held her and her fellowman to conditions worse than death. I regard inharmonious as far worse fate than death. I hope every mother who reads this will "stand straight before God," and tell all she knows that will help another.

Every one is conversant with woman's wrongs and sufferings, and the inferior position to which she is relegated by the sterner sex and the custom of society; but every one does not know that woman holds the key that will unlock the door of heaven, and that she must break her own environments. Even God can't do it for her; it is her own special work.

How can it be done? Is the natural query. I answer, not by repining; not by antagonism and rebellion in homes, not by theorizing, not by organization and private meetings and lectures, but by individual, patient, persevering effort. It has been demonstrated that man can not rise without woman, neither can woman succeed without man.

The sexes were made for each other. What concerns one concerns both. What will better the condition of one, exalts the other to a corresponding degree.

Every woman is associated with men, either father, husband, brother or friend, and with those she associates is her first work. I speak first of woman's redemption, from the fact that only a free mother can bear a free child, and freedom must reign in every human breast or the race is lost. In dealing with man regarding her freedom, I feel that woman has made a mistake in the past, by antagonism.

The suffragists fail of success by antagonism and by dealing in splendid generalities, leaving the domestic situation as bad or even worse than before; and while they are engaged in a work calculated for woman's highest good, they can not bring the desired result, even though every woman in the world were to-day enfranchised. That it would be a great step in her favor, I admit, but it would not bring better babies, and would not give her the right to her own body, set her financially free, nor bring harmony in the domestic circle. So long as homes are soulless, so long will the nation, in all its workings, be likewise.

Says one, "Woman's vote will eventually settle the Prohibition question favorably, and redeem man from the curse of drink." "Woman's vote will shut every house of prostitution in our land." I reply never, until the masses of women are sufficiently educated, to refuse to reproduce drunkards, also to understand that prostitution is not confined to legalized houses for that purpose, and that some marriages may be prostitution in its most hideous and hopeless form. I am not an advocate of Prohibition in the common acceptance of the term; there is a higher law the race must learn, which is purely educational in its nature. The social purity league fall far short of means and methods of this higher education, dealing as they do with the sex question on the animal plane, and mistaking prohibition for chastity in the relation of the sexes.

Now, Mr. Editor, should you deem this of sufficient worth to give it place in your paper, and should the suggestion to encourage mothers to unrestricted expression concerning the most vital question of the day, meet your approval, I pledge my best thought set forth in unmistakable language, as encouragement for others to let the light of divine wisdom through the darkness of these troublous times. It is argued that the race isn't ready for these lessons. I claim it is suffering and dying for want of them. Every other reform will be a dead letter unless based on the most vital

of all reforms, which underlies the science of a new life, or the kingdom come, the will of God done on earth, as it is in heaven. More anon.

AUNT CORDELIA.

## Letter From Fred Evans.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We leave Melbourne to-night by the 4:55 Express, for Sydney, after a very pleasant stay of four months and a few days. We have been very agreeably received and entertained, and will always look back with pleasure to our sojourn in Melbourne. On Wednesday evening, we, in conjunction with Mrs. Harris (one of the best speakers and truest women I have yet met), were tendered a farewell reception by the Victoria Association of Spiritualists. Mr. Terry (the President), Editor of *Harbinger of Light*, reviewed the work done by Mrs. Harris and myself, and spoke in glowing terms of the good accomplished. Mrs. Harris and myself briefly responded, after which music and refreshments closed a very pleasant evening. On Thursday we were the guests of T. W. Stanford, and were driven to the "Van Yean" Reservoir (about forty-two miles return to Melbourne); we enjoyed a very pleasant day.

I notice that the California Pine trees are being rapidly introduced in the colonies. The "Van Yean," is completely encircled by California pines, planted close to the water's edge, and which has a very pretty effect.

On Friday evening we attended a reception and ball given by Mr. George Spriggs. A marquee was erected on a vacant lot adjoining his house, and very tastefully bedecked with flags and illuminated with colored lights, etc. There were about one hundred and fifteen guests present, and judging from the pretty dresses and the profuse display of diamonds, it was an elite affair. On Saturday we were again the guests of Mr. T. W. Stanford, who drove us to the Zoological Garden, the University Museum and the Aquarium, all of which we enjoyed very much, but regretted the hurried manner in which we had to "take in" all these interesting sights.

I notice the *Harbinger* has taken the *Light* (of London) to task for the greedy manner in which that journal has swallowed a long, dreary account of a purported expose of slate writing. The article in the *Harbinger* bears the title, "Light Obscured." The *Light* has evidently had forwarded to them a copy of the paper containing the purported expose, and without troubling themselves about trying to ascertain the truth of this trumped-up report, published it as gospel truth, for which they have received the censure of all the Spiritualists who have sat with me in the colonies. The Psychological Society of Brisbane held a meeting condemning the action of the *Week Telegraph* (from which *Light* copied their "facts"), demanding space for a reply, and directed their secretary to forward me a letter expressing the continued confidence of the society in the genuineness of my mediumship; also expressing their sympathy for the slanderous manner in which I had been treated by the *Week Telegraph*, condemning their cowardly action in attacking me after I had left the colony.

I am pleased to say that I have met with grand success in Melbourne, and have made many fast friends who are all desirous of having me visit Victoria again. Mr. Terry, Mr. Spriggs and Mr. Stanford have all been very kind to myself and wife, also many others too numerous to mention. We feel that we are nearing home when we leave for Sydney, and the time will soon pass away when we will be with you again.

I have received the following testimonial from some of the people in Melbourne who brought their own slates:

We, the undersigned, do hereby testify, that we and each of us have investigated the phenomena of independent slate writing occurring through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans of San Francisco, California, U. S. A., and have obtained writing on the inner surfaces of slates that we and each of us furnished ourselves, and which were not for a moment permitted to leave our sight. The messages thereon were always signed by the names of our departed relatives and friends, and information given that we are sure the medium could not have had any previous knowledge of. Whilst many of us are not Spiritualists, yet we and each of us agree that the messages appearing between our slates, were placed there by some invisible intelligent power independent of the medium. Signed: John Williams, grain dealer, Stock street, Coburg, Melbourne; Richard Bond, builder and contractor, Carpenter street, Middle Brighton; Mary Bond, Carpenter street, Middle Brighton; William Overton, gentleman, Clifton Hill, Melbourne; E. Overton, Clifton Hill, Melbourne; Edwin Gill, Justice of the Peace, Balclutha, Victoria; James T. Praagst, Government Land Office, East Melbourne, Victoria; Robert Stewart, capitalist, Bourke street, East Melbourne, Victoria; E. Sharpe, Illawarra road, Hawthorn, East Melbourne, Victoria; William Brown, 47 Napier street, Fitzroy, Melbourne, Victoria; Charles C. Bell, Chubb's agent, 4 Gordon Territory, Mary street, St. Kilda, Victoria; Daniel Clay, 33 Michael street, Fitzroy, Melbourne, Victoria; Thomas Martin, manufacturer, 122 Rocky street, Collingwood, Melbourne; E. L. Melville, 24 Shell street, North Melbourne, Victoria; William Jackson, builder and contractor, Armadale, Victoria; John Carson, Esq., "Clatha," Kew, Victoria; W. B. Rodier, Justice of the Peace, "Rougemont," St. James Park, Hawthorn, Victoria; John Melville, accountant, 24 Shell street, North Melbourne, Victoria; John Henshaw, manufacturer, Council street, Clifton Hill, Melbourne, Victoria.

I will now close this short letter with sending kind wishes to all our California friends, hoping to see them sometime in September. Fraternal yours, FRED EVANS. MELBOURNE, May 13, 1889.

## Sowing the Seed.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Allow me to ask your good readers, Do you keep the paper all to yourselves, or do you, after reading and appropriating its beautiful truths, send it broadcast to friends and relatives, to sow the good seed in other places, and comfort and elevate other hearts and lives? You do not know how much good you may do by following such a course. For several years past I have been doing this. Once I sent a holiday number of the *Carrier Dove*, to which I had contributed (and which, by the way, contained portraits and biographical sketches of J. J. and Mattie Owen), to a brother in Washington Territory. By him it was sent to friends in the East, with the request that it be returned to him when the friends had read it. It was gone nearly two years and then came back, having during that time probably been as far as East Wareham, Massachusetts, besides circulating among quite a large list of relatives in Ohio and Indiana.

A few months ago I received word indirectly that the sister-in-law of my half sister (both living in the State of Michigan), wanted my address, desiring to communicate with me, she being a Spiritualist, and having heard that I had become one. I mailed her a roll of GOLDEN GATES, and the matter seemed to rest there; but yesterday I received a letter from her which touched my heart, and thinking others may be prompted by it to make a missionary use of their back numbers of spiritualistic papers, I venture to send it to you, Mr. Editor, for publication. Here it is:

"FREMONT, Mich., May 27, 1889.  
"MRS. ELLA WILSON—Dear Friend: I received the papers you kindly sent me, and read them carefully through, and liked some pieces very well, and some few articles I did not like and could not endorse them. I meant to write you at once thanking you for your kindness in sending them, as they were just what I wanted; but some way I have been so occupied in one way and another, that I have neglected to do so. Will you excuse my seeming neglect? To-day I am suffering from a lame back, brought on by over work, and so have to rest on my oars a bit, and I am impressed or importuned by an unseen monitor that is always with me, to write to you.

"How often I think of you, for I used to think if I could only be as true a Christian as you were, I would not mind trying it. But I used to be so fearful of not living as I ought, and so bringing reproach on the Cause, I did not try until about fifteen years ago. I did make a bad beginning, for I was not taught aright; but light came after a while, and I understand the true gospel now, thanks be to God, the great giver of light and truth, for God is Truth. By the way, that lecture of yours was good; I liked it very much.

"I want to tell you a little about myself, but I will be brief. I have seen much sorrow in the past fifteen years, and many times I have felt very rebellious over it, because I felt I did not deserve the fate that had overtaken me; but I feel very different now, for I believe there was a purpose in it. About one year ago I was in such deep trouble, I thought I could not live without some help, and I found it unexpectedly in studying a spiritual board, or, more properly speaking, planchette. I found I was a clairvoyant medium, and one of no mean quality. I suppose the Spiritualists would call me a healing medium, as I can control a fever by laying my hand on a person's head that has a fever; can also tell persons what is before them, or in the future for them, and can locate the disease that a person is sick with, by simply laying my hand on their head. I have not given myself up to it entirely, as I was prejudiced against Spiritualists, as I had known some that were not even good, moral people.

"Here, where I live, people seem to think it a crime to be a Spiritualist, and for my life, I don't see how we are going to be Christians unless we believe in spirits, for God is a spirit, and we are commanded to worship him in spirit and in truth. And I also read in my Bible of God's ministering spirits, and cannot see why those ministering spirits may not be our own loved ones that have gone on before us to the glory-world, for all things are possible to the Great Creator of the universe. Perhaps you will tire reading this rambling letter, so I will bring it to a close.

"Will you please write me, as I need more light on this spiritual question. I never really knew what they (Spiritualists), do believe, until I read those papers you sent me. I thirst for more light, as I feel my utter inability to explain the matter to any one, and I am not the one to stand still; I must make some progress. Thanks for those papers. I have kept them, and now I hope to hear from you by letter, if you can spare the time to write, for I know you must be busy. Adieu for the present. From your true friend,

"MRS. J. A. BRYANT.  
How many, dear readers of the GOLDEN GATE, in these times of spirit strivings and revelations may be isolated, as this dear sister is, and longing for help and light, which it may be in our power, with a little thought and effort to bestow.  
MRS. ELLA WILSON-MARCHANT.  
SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.

Although it is dangerous to have too much knowledge of certain subjects, it is still more dangerous to be totally ignorant of them.—*Columbat*.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Old Eben Gray

BY ANNE A. TOLAND.

Old Eben Gray was wrinkled and bald,  
And his eyes were growing dim;  
For three-score years he had worked and toiled  
With a wonderful store of vim;  
And all the smiles from his bonny days  
Old Eben Gray had struck,  
His neighbors declared, in various ways,  
Had brought him his share of good luck.

He had lands, he had gold in many a bank,  
And ships proudly riding the sea;  
He had pledges of trust from men of high rank,  
And medals of different degree,  
Given for merited worth it was thought  
When the gifts seemed so truly his own,  
And all that wealth could purchase was bought  
That his name and his fame might be known.

Just at the close of one Summer's day  
Old Eben was taken ill,  
So bidding his clerks lay careful away  
The goods, which his coffers did fill,  
He onward went to his stately home,  
Called a doctor, then went to bed;  
The grave M. D. most quickly did come,  
But ere morning old Eben was dead.

He opened his eyes on a world so strange,  
He was most sorely amazed,  
And gazing on scenes in his vision's wide range,  
Wondered much if his brain was not crazed.  
"I was there—I am here! Pray what can it mean,  
And where are my children and wife?  
Zounds! I bother my brains! It must be a dream!  
They come so often in life.

Just then he felt a soft touch on his arm,  
And, looking round quickly, espied  
A stranger, who bade him feel no alarm;  
He had only been sent as a guide  
To show him the harvest of seed he had sown  
While he in the earth lived his life,  
How many wild tares with the wheat there had grown,  
How freedom had mingled with strife.

He looked, and lo! what men had called gold  
Was nothing but ashes and dust,  
And over his store of wealth all untold,  
Crest a mantle of mold and of rust.  
His bank stocks had faded, his lands were of naught,  
All, all, had brought him no wealth,  
And the name and the fame so dearly he sought  
Were remembered no more on the earth.

But out of the mass which his vision beheld  
There sparkled some gems of bright hue,  
"These," said the guide, as his feelings were quelled,  
"Are the good deeds of life you did do.  
Not houses or lands, nor silver or gold,  
Can ere find a dwelling place here;  
But joys that ne'er to the world can be told  
Reward duties well done in your sphere.

"Now for the new life; forget all the past,  
Live for the noble and true,  
And just as your life here will be cast,  
You shall receive your just due."  
And so to all friends who live upon earth,  
This moral truth must be given:  
Live for those things which bring you true worth,  
Those only can fit you for heaven.

MOLINE, ILL., June, 1889.

## A Vision.

A step fell lightly on my floor to-day—  
A gentle step, as one had feared to wake  
A tired sleeper lost in dreamless rest  
And thoughtful for that sake.

But through my restless slumber still it stirred  
A thrill responsive; and my eyes, in quest  
Of whom had entered, raised their heavy lids  
And looked upon my guest.

The instant that I met his placid gaze,  
The dull air tingled with the amaranth's breath  
And then grew cold as from the wind at night;  
I knew that it was Death.

He did not wear a cruel look, nor stern;  
His lips curved in a smile of gentle peace;  
The gesture of his outstretched hands expressed  
Not capture, but release.

And yet within his eyes a knowledge lay  
Of strength implacable—a mighty force  
That swept away resistance as a stream  
Swept leaves from out its course.

They gleamed the darker from his sunlit hair,  
That spread about him as a shining veil,  
And cast a shadow from their lashes long,  
Upon his features pale.

And when he spoke it seemed as if a chord,  
Full of the passion life's swift vision brings,  
Had suddenly and vividly been struck  
Upon a cello's strings.

"Are you so tired of waiting for me here,  
So eager then to go where I must guide?  
Do you not fear to walk that shadowy way  
With no one by your side?

"Have you no lingering thought to cast away,  
No longing still for joys the world can give,  
None that are dear whose yearning prayers arise  
That you may live?"

Thus Death to me, and with a courage born  
Of his sweet plaintive tone I answered: "Fear  
I know not of that lonely way you speak,  
I am so lonely here.

"For those I loved in youth, all in your arms,  
Have softly sighed away their fluttering breath,  
And dear ones of my later days you've claimed.  
Oh, claim me, gentle Death.

"There is no work on earth for me to do,  
No face that brightens for me, and no cheer  
My presence brings one lonely tired heart;  
I am not needed here."

My eager tones were stilled, for on that face  
Of such majestic calm there burst a light  
Of grand reproach; an instant there it gleamed  
And then took sudden flight.

He spoke again, and to my soul unrolled  
All it had left undone; all it could do;  
All the wide scope I only could fulfill,  
Till in my heart there grew

A glory as of one new-born to life,  
Within a sphere where life and light were one,  
I woke to the world's needs, the hungry world,  
Of whom myself made one.

And as the glowing recognition broke  
Upon my lonely thoughts, I raised my head  
From off my idle couch and looked for Death,  
But Death had fled.

—ANNE TOLAND, in "N. Y. Mail and Express."

## Truth

Truth will prevail, though men abhor  
The glory of its light,  
And wage exterminating war  
Their foes to put to flight.

Though trodden under foot of men,  
Truth from the dust will spring,  
And from the press the lip, the pen,  
In tones of thunder ring.

Beware—beware, ye who resist  
The light that beams around,  
Lest, ere you look through sin's mist,  
Truth strikes you to the ground.

Onesimus Toole; or, from Shadow to Sunshine.

Continued from First Page.

but to its expression on a higher plane than that of gross, solid matter.

"My researches in electrical science have convinced me that electricity is the basis of all the expressions of life; 'the germ of all life is electricity,' is a correct statement, but I beg you to understand that by electricity I do not mean those lower forms of its expression which illiterate and superstitious people consider its all-in-all and frequently denominate galvanism when they employ it in medical practice. Electricity cannot be generated; it can however be attracted and brought to a given focus, be used by us for specific purposes; then, when we have made use of this omnipresent, all-vitalizing energy it returns whence it came, and of it the words can be spoken used in the New Testament concerning the wind and the Holy Spirit: 'Thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.'

"Spirit appears only in an electric form; the spiritual body is an electric body, and when it is shown to man on earth in its purity it has no resemblance to a corporeal structure, it is a shape of light and this only. Of course, the form is perfectly human, radiantly, gloriously human, but despite all that can be said on the other side by the carnalizers of a spiritual idea, there is no scientific or scriptural warrant for belief in a resurrection of a material body, nor is there anything to be gained by affording conditions for what is vulgarly termed materialization. As you are a preacher, Mr. Toole, and will soon be called to teach a scientific religion, a genuine theology, not a series of deductions from creeds, articles, and catechisms, formulated to veil rather than to reveal the spirit, I would ask you to carefully read the stories of the transfiguration of Jesus, and the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the faithful at Jerusalem, with a perfectly unbiased mind, without commentaries, and with all predilections due to your training for the ministry, banished from your thoughts. In these sublime narratives especially, though in many others in somewhat lesser degree, you will find a full recognition of the understanding of the early Gnostics, who were all deeply versed in the science of spirit and its revelations. When the church externalized itself and sought temporal dominion, it carnalized the interpretation of the Scriptures it continued to venerate, and from before the time of Constantine to the present moment, a disguise has been thrown over the record. Among the deeply versed clergy, this inner truth to which I am referring is known at least in part; to the mass of the clergy it is quite unknown, so their bald exotericism has at least the virtue of honesty. In your denomination, which is, I believe, the Baptist, there is not probably one preacher in five hundred who has the least conception of the tell-tale histories on the shelves of my library, as all such books have been from the first interdicted and excluded from divinity schools as impious, while they set forth the only possible basis on which science and religion can stand and thrive together in future generations.

"Modern Spiritualism is not yet systematized; its later developments will throw much light on the anachronisms of earlier days, also it is difficult at present to get people to investigate the subject impartially. I, being a man of science rather than a theologian, and having arrived at my conclusions through the force of actually demonstrated facts, repeated most convincingly over and over again in my own home when only my daughter and myself were present, can not be expected to feel as those feel who have darling hypotheses to sustain, dogmas to defend and personal interests to serve. I invite facts and let them speak for themselves. I have no opinion where I lack information, and as to prejudice, I despise it. I will not say that any of the editors and contributors are other than sincere, but when I glance over the pages of all the spiritualistic, theosophic and metaphysical publications which I regularly receive from all parts of the world, written in all languages and displaying all grades of thought, from driving imbecility to dignified sagacity, I can but smile and wonder how the general public is likely to fare at the hands of such a strange multitude of counselors.

"Azoriel instructs us not to answer anything, however false, vituperative or ridiculous. We, however, communicate anonymously in strictly impersonal articles of a scientific nature with several European and one American periodical. We never take sides, pay compliments or enter complaints. When we have facts to record we relate them with no more additions than a brief explanatory comment when this is needful, in consequence of the singular nature of the subject matter.

"I could relate to you hundreds of instances of our receiving tidings of events happening in the remotest parts of the world, telegraphed to us with lightning dispatch and recorded in this office hours, days, and often weeks, before the Paris or London journals received an inkling of the affair. Were I to publish a hundredth part of what we verify every year, this house would be besieged with requests for every kind of unlawful information. That is why we do not offer to instruct the world at large in the art of electrical divination, for were we to do so, all the Porke A. Hogge's from Chicago, and everywhere else, would be offering me hundreds of dollars a sitting if I would tell them how to increase their millions by adding fur-

ther rascality to their already nefarious trafficking in human souls and bodies, and then on bended knee offer their hands, hearts and fortunes, to my pure, high-minded daughter, who detests the very air they have polluted with their disgusting presence."

"Porke A. Hogge," broke in Mr. Toole, "that is a name we saw on board the steamer on one of the chairs. We were introduced to the owner before the voyage was over. His views on 'the new democracy' were at least amusing. He must weigh at least 300 pounds, is fully as wide as he is high, has no hair, a smooth-shaven, shiny face, eyes like little black beads, and the gait of a rhinoceros. Pardon my uncomplimentary description of a suitor for your daughter's hand, but the offer strikes me as too ludicrous. Surely, it can not be that man proposed to her? Count Katalowsky, I know, was dismissed from her presence abruptly for some impertinence, but he is young, handsome and stately. I could imagine his making her a proposal, but Mr. Hogge, never."

"Mr. Hogge," rejoined the young lady's father, "is the proud possessor of \$17,000,000. What matters it to match-making parents and misguided girls that the man is odiously vulgar, shamelessly ignorant, and unmentionably immoral, or that his wealth was literally stolen from his employees, and also gained by a barbaric disease engendering occupation? My daughter has happily learned to place her affections on far other treasures than those which money can purchase and thieves remove; and beside all this, you probably are more or less acquainted with her peculiar mission, and have divined that for her, earthly attachments can never be of the ordinary kind. For our dear child Lydia another destiny is prepared. Marriage will bring to her and the man she blesses with her love, and whose home she graces with her talent, more than usual happiness. Zenophon is appointed to a work removed from the ordinary. You, my friend, have something yet to learn, but your mind and heart are opening to the truth, as flowers open to the sunshine. It will not be long ere you return to your pulpit to proclaim what will be indeed glad tidings. But the future, the very near future, I may safely say, will soon reveal your work, its nature and its scope. You have questioned me on many themes which I can not deal with all at once, as you must grow to understand through intuitive perception, or you can not profit by the statements of another to any great extent."

As the Professor ceased speaking a gentle, tremulous thrill pulsed through the room and strongly affected Mr. Toole, who instinctively grasped Prof. de Montmar's right hand, while Heloise took his left in one of hers, then slowly rising into fulness of majestic form, in grandeur inexpressible, again appeared Azoriel, this time without causing Mr. Toole the slightest dread, though as the radiant presence darted knowledge to his brain and showed him Lydia O'Shannington and himself as man and wife working side by side with his beloved mother in the old home amid the green hills of Vermont, he was too overcome to articulate a syllable. At that moment a flood of life coursed through his veins such as he had never felt before or ever even dreamed of possessing, as his constitution had never been robust, and some of his friends thought they detected symptoms of incipient consumption. From that hour he had taken a new lease of life; the subtle process of electrical regeneration had then and there commenced. The in-rushing tide of force from the angelic sphere of which the angel was the center, started a physical condition which no other treatment could commence, and thus in the three-fold manner in which a genuine spiritual revelation ever appeals to many, this honest seeker after truth found moral, intellectual and bodily strength and purity flow together in one electric stream from the divine beyond to call forth the divine within.

To be continued.

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[From the GOLDEN GATE.]

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